THE MAGAZINE FOR MAT FANS

A CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLICATION

Wrestling REVUE

FEB./64 50c

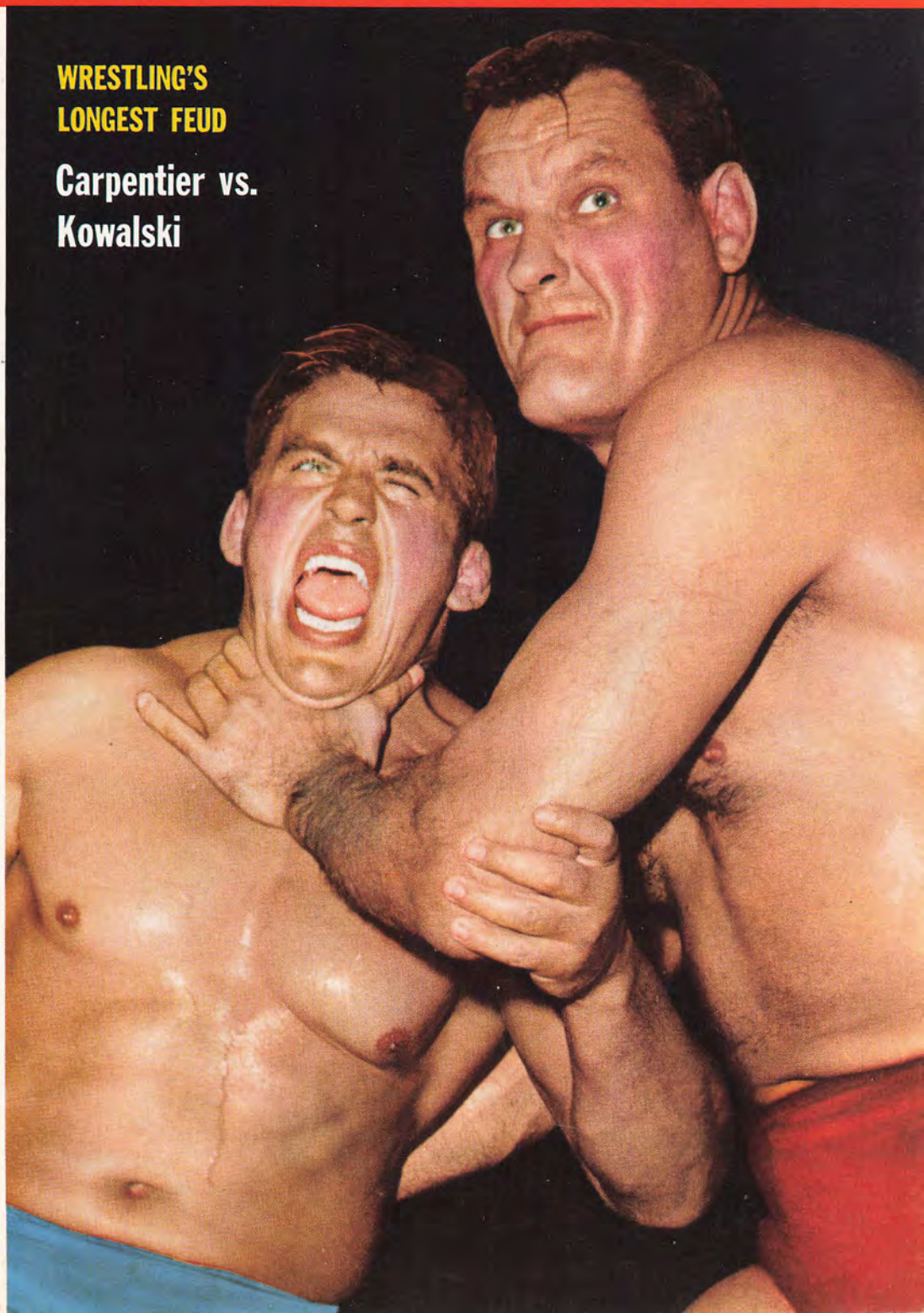
Specials: WRESTLING BOOM IN FLORIDA and SAN DIEGO

FABULOUS MOOLAH EXPLAINS:
"Why I Hate Judy Grable"

Wrestling's Mad Dog

BLOOD MATCH OF THE YEAR
Von Erich vs. Henning

FULL COLOR PIN-UP
BRUNO SAMMARTINO



WRESTLING'S LONGEST FEUD
Carpentier vs. Kowalski

READERS' pros and cons

GRAVETTE (*top*) VS. GRABLE

ACCOLADE

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you for your excellent pictures of the Grable-Gravette match (Dec/63). They were sharp, clear and had fine detail. The photographer caught the tempo of the match and gave an accurate portrayal of the action which typifies girl wrestling.

J. JENKINS
Williamsburg, Va.

NEWS OF THE KENTUCKIANS

Sirs:

Your Feb/63 issue contained two letters about The Kentuckians. I would like to bring you up to date on these two giants. In the past few months they have defeated Fred Blassie and Mr. Moto, the Von Brauners (three times), the Assassins (twice), Hiro Matsuta and Duke Keomuka (three times), Great Malenko and Tinker Todd, Todd and the Phantom, Malenko and Nelson Royal . . . and many more, all without a loss!

If this doesn't convince you that they deserve to be rated among the world's top tag-teams, nothing will!

WAYNE DREGGORS
Deland, Fla.

"BULLDOG" BROWER

PROS AND CONS ABOUT "BULLDOG"

Sirs:

I thoroughly agree with Bob Logan (Oct/63 Pros and Cons) when he says that Dick "Bulldog" Brower is the strongest and best wrestler there is. So what if he's a little rough? Since when has wrestling been for sissies?

MARCEL GIRAULT
Toronto, Canada

Sirs:

Reader Bob Logan must be mistaken. To call anyone who depends solely on foul tactics—as Dick "Bulldog" Brower does—"the best wrestler there is" is ridiculous. And to intimate that Bruno Sammartino is afraid of Brower and is less strong than "Bulldog" is too absurd for comment. I'll agree that when it comes to dirty wrestling, Brower is in a class by himself. But in everything else —strength, wrestling ability, variety of holds—he runs a poor second to not only Sammartino, but to a hundred others.

GENE RISEDORPH
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

I'd just like to see "Bulldog" Brower try to wrestle clean for once. We'd soon find out whether he's "the best wrestler there is."

MARGE AMIDON
Detroit, Mich.

OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY PRESCRIBED

Sirs:

I would like to see a women's tag-team match in which the participants agreed that the winners would get to turn the losers over their knees and spank them. I think the fans would love to see certain female villains get what's coming to them by having to submit to a good old-fashioned spanking.

SYLVIA CARSON
Little Rock, Ark.

• But what if the "villains" win?—ED.

THESZ VS. LISTON

Sirs:

While reading through the wrestling section (which I seldom bother with) of BOXING ILLUSTRATED, I saw where St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnick is toying with the idea of putting world wrestling champion Lou Thesz in the ring with Sonny Liston.

Now what in the world does Mr. Muchnick have against Lou Thesz?

I don't believe Thesz is eager for the bout, as the article would have us believe. Poor Lou would last about half as long as Floyd Patterson did. No discredit to Thesz, but for his own sake and for the sake of the sport he represents, he'd better stick to wrestling.

RICHARD WHITEHEAD
Galveston, Texas

NASTY OLD SO-AND-SO's!

Sirs:

Who does "Gentleman" (now who dreamed up **that** name!) Saul Weingeroff think he is? The only reason his overrated Von Brauners win is because he always uses sneaky, underhanded tactics to help them, like using his cane. If the Von Brauners had the guts to come out East, they'd learn how it feels to lose.

BOB GILMAN
Closter, N. J.

Sirs:

I think the Von Brauners, Big Bill Miller, Killer Kowalski and Fritz Von Erich should be barred from wrestling. And such things as the "Iron Claw," jumping off the ropes on someone's face and ramming opponents into the ring turn-buckle should be outlawed.

Von Erich would never win, if he didn't use the "Iron Claw." The nice wrestlers, the ones the fans adore, should refuse to wrestle Von Erich. As for Miller . . . well, he's just hateful!

JEAN SIMPSON
New Bedford, Mass.

SCUFFLIN' HILLBILLIES

THE SCUFFLIN' HILLBILLIES WRITE

Sirs:

Just a line to let you know that The Hillbillies Learned Rasslin' From Pigs! (WR, Dec/63) was the best story ever done on us, and our fans are buying the issue up like corn-pone and hog's jowls. Speaking of fans, we have a new fan club. Tony Lee is president and Philip Ray Collins is vice-prez. It's a real active club and anyone wanting to join should write: The Scufflin' Hillbillies Fan Club, 2108 Phelps Street, Ashland, Ky.

We just returned from a very successful tour of Canada and are now in Los Angeles, where we expect to keep pretty busy. Lots of two-bit tag-teams to clean up around this neck of the woods.

THE SCUFFLIN' HILLBILLIES
Los Angeles, Calif.

BERNARD AND MURPHY JUST NOT UNDERSTOOD

Sirs:

"Brute" Bernard and "Skull" Murphy are the most misunderstood wrestlers in the world. Why? Because the fans don't know any better. Bernard was raised in the cold, impersonal surroundings of an orphanage, and because he was 6' tall at 13, everyone made fun of him, called him a freak.

Murphy had the misfortune to lose all his hair when he was a boy. He too was constantly ridiculed and called names.

Is there any wonder that these two hate everyone, and are taking out their hurt on the world? I, for one, don't blame them . . . and I'll always be their fan!

BRAD FENTON
Kansas City, Kansas

POETRY CORNER

Sirs:

Just got through watching Gorilla Monsoon literally tear an opponent to pieces and was inspired to write the following:

There's a mountain of a man
Who is a goon.
Appropriately enough
His name's Gorilla Monsoon.
He demolishes every wrestler
Who's put in his path.
It's too bad for the fans
That he never takes a bath.
And if that isn't bad enough,
Bad enough for me,
He has a kooky manager
Whose name is Bobby D.
Who is this, who beats every man?
What is this, with the aroma of my garbage can?
What is Monsoon . . . from a Mongol hut?
All I can say is "He's a nut!"

LARRY KEVESON
Flushing, N. Y.

Continued on page 6

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THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

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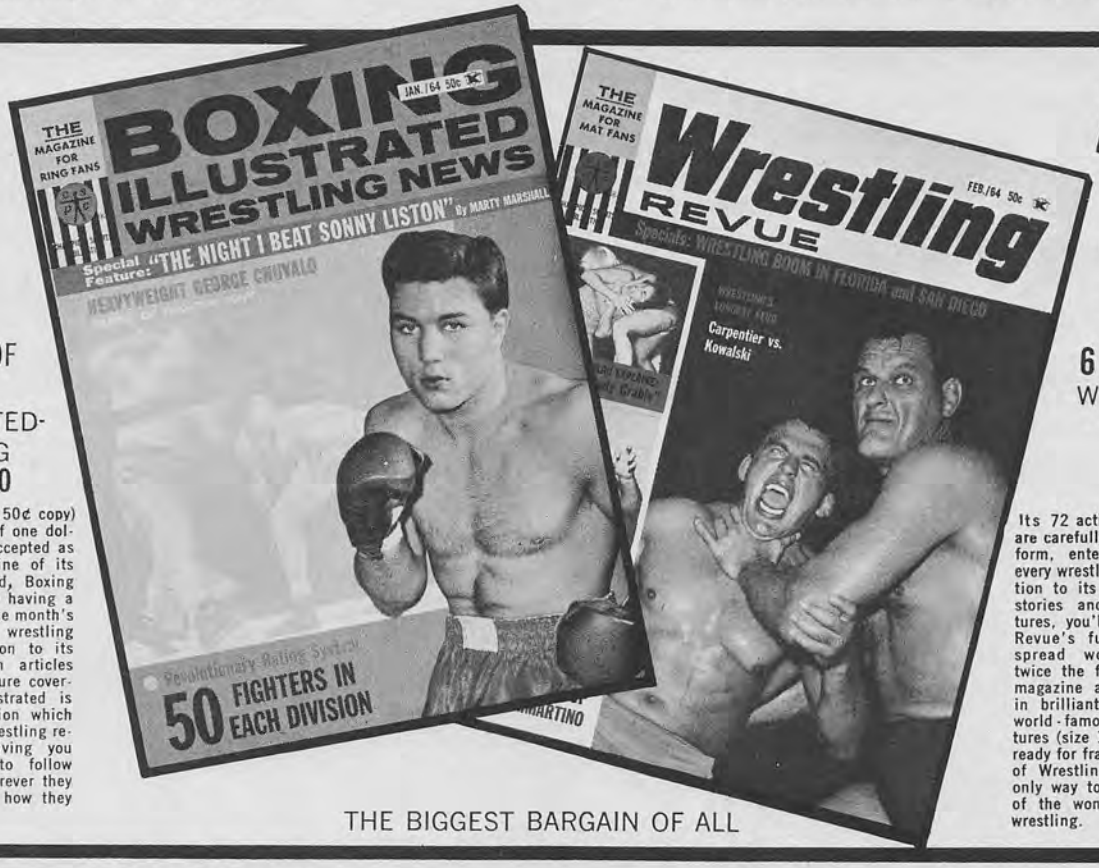

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pros and cons

Continued from page 2

BOBBY GRAHAM

BOBBY GRAHAM BOOSTER

Sirs:

While on a trip recently, I had the pleasure of seeing one of the finest prospects in the ring today . . . Bobby Graham. Here's a young fellow who has everything . . . speed, agility, good looks and power to burn. Keep your eye on him!

WILLIAM ENGLERT
Omaha, Nebr.

• We're watching him. See page 24. —ED.

A VOTE FOR FRITZ

Sirs:

I think Fritz Von Erich is greatly underrated. He's proven that he's one of the world's top wrestlers by beating the likes of Bobo Brazil, John Paul Henning, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Verne Gagne, Maurice La Pointe and Emile Dupre.

Why not give this great wrestler the credit due him? A pin-up of Fritz and an article on his wonderful exploits would go over great.

JAY RITZER
Creve Coeur, Mo.

• Fritz Von Erich is featured in the Jan/64 issue of BOXING ILLUSTRATED and in this issue of WRESTLING REVUE (see page 32).—ED.

AN OLD TIMER SPEAKS

Sirs:

Why not do stories on some of the great wrestlers of old . . . like Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Dick Shikat, Jim Londos, Hans Steinke, Jim McMillan, Ray Steele and the like. I get a little tired of being fed a steady diet of today's "wrestlers" . . . who are little more than gimmick-laden acrobats. I'm sure that many older wrestling fans agree with me.

TOM McMAHON
Levittown, N. Y.

DREAMBOAT MAKES HER SEASICK

Sirs:

I just finished laughing through your article on Paul "Dreamboat" Diamond (Dec./63). A girl would have to be half-crazed to go for someone like that! And if she wasn't, she'd certainly get that way in a hurry, just being around him. She'd soon develop an inferiority complex from having him trying to change her to his liking.

I say no super-conceited guy like Paul Diamond, who thinks he's God's gift to women, can even get a girl! And as for his being "Wrestling's Dreamboat" . . . well, I think Johnny Gilbert is twice as good-looking.

LORRAINE NALIBORSKI
Chicago, Ill.

FROM A FUTURE CHAMP

Sirs:

I enjoyed your Dec/63 issue very much. Every article was a gem . . . and the pictures were terrific!

One of the Readers' Pros and Cons letters, the one from Albert Barr of Alaska, caught my eye. Now there's a gentleman with real taste! His statement: "I'll take a hefty girl anytime . . ." shows a quality of discernment rarely found. Too bad he's in Alaska. We need more like him out this way.

I expect to turn pro myself in 1965 and would like to know how much Bernice LaRue weighs, and how tall she is. I'll probably be wrestling her someday and want to know what I'll be up against. Right now, I weigh in at 154 pounds . . . and, incidentally, I might advise Bernice that the boys don't think I'm any Jayne Mansfield either.

This is my sixth and final letter to you. If you don't print it, I won't let you interview me when I'm champ.

BRENDA BURCHETTE
Varsailles, Indiana

• Bernice LaRue weighs a solid 235 pounds and is 5'9" tall. Good luck, future champ.—ED.

GORILLA MONSOON

HE NEVER SAW THE DAY . . . !

Sirs:

I've never, in all my life, heard such ridiculous ranting and raving as Bobby Davis, Gorilla Monsoon's manager, spewed out over TV recently. To claim that his wrestler had been robbed of a rightful victory over Bruno Sammartino some weeks ago, is the height of absurdity! If Monsoon would learn to wrestle fairly—to forego his dirty tactics —maybe he wouldn't be disqualified so often. For my money, Monsoon—and you can throw in Davis to help him—never saw the day he could beat Sammartino.

JERRY BOWEN
Washington, D. C.

MORE ON THE MASKED TERROR

Sirs:

I don't agree with Gerald Maxwell's deduction that the Masked Terror is really the Alaskan (Readers' Pros and Cons, Dec/63). They have about as much similarity as Fuzzy Cupid and Judy Grable! I haven't figured out yet who the Masked Terror is, but am working on a new lead. One thing's for certain . . . he is **not** the Alaskan!

JACK BRADT
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

Reader Gerald Maxwell is 100% correct! The Masked Terror and the Alaskan are one and the same man.

JOHN DENSMORE
Fairfield, Cal.

REQUEST GRANTED

Sirs:

Would very much like to see something on the recent Fred Blassie-Bearcat Wright match. The fans who were fortunate enough to attend the San Diego card were treated to an evening of wrestling they'll never forget.

PAT RILEY
Stockton, Calif.

• See page 40—ED.

VOICE FROM ABROAD

Sirs:

Why does America send dirty wrestlers like the Zebra Kid over here? We, in England, don't need and certainly don't enjoy seeing wrestlers who depend on unfair tactics to win. Why don't you send someone who wrestles cleanly and knows the sport thoroughly . . . like Billy Two Rivers or George Drake?

L. R. LATHAM
Surrey, England

• George "Catalina" Drake is including Great Britain in his round-the-world tour. And we understand Billy Two Rivers is already in England—ED.

FOR THE GALS

Sirs:

I certainly agree with reader Tim Stacy (Pros and Cons, Oct/63) when he extols the caliber of girl wrestling. Certainly there's nothing more exciting or entertaining than watching the fast action the girls put on. New York and the other states that bar girl wrestling should forget their outmoded laws and give us what we want . . . girl wrestling.

CONRAD SLAUENWHITE
Bayside, New York

Sirs:

Your articles on girl wrestlers are terrific. But it is unfortunate that we New Yorkers, because of an antiquated statute, are not privileged to see these wonderful athletes in person. Along with thousands of other fans, I'd like nothing better than to see such stars as June Byers, Fabulous Moolah, Penny Banner, Judy Grable, etc., "live." They'd pack any arena!

GLORIA SPEZIALE
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I love beauty. I love wrestling. So make me happy and bring girl wrestling to New York!

GEORGE HIRAKAWA
Brooklyn, New York

ROUGEAU GETS A VOTE

Sirs:

Saw where Mike Scanlon chided you (Readers' Pros and Cons, Dec/63) for saying that Johnny Rougeau may wind up as Prime Minister of Canada. Well, Mr. Scanlon, for your information I, for one, would vote for Johnny! And I'm sure thousands of other people would, too. He's a great wrestler and would make a great Prime Minister.

SALLY GOLDIN
Montreal, Canada

WELCOME MAT

Sirs:

Anytime Pat O'Connor gets lonely (Dec/63) in St. Louis, he can come over to my house. I think he's the most!

LUCILLE HEITEFUSS
St. Louis, Mo.

DON CURTIS

MARK LEWIN

ONE PARTNER TO ANOTHER

Sirs:

I got a tremendous shock reading WR's dramatic story about my old partner Mark Lewin. When we were together up around New York a few years ago, Markie, which is what I used to call him, was strictly a "By the book" wrestler—until he got mad! Then he'd go wild and, so help me, when I would run into the ring it wasn't to help Markie. It was to stop him from killing the other guy. That's why it was such a shock for me to learn that down in Texas, Markie has been going berserk even before somebody kicks him in the head or sticks a thumb in his eye. Since we were such close friends, and for that matter we still are, I felt I had to do something. I finally got hold of him on the phone. It was the first time we'd talked in over a year.

"What gives, Markie," I asked. "I just read that story and I can't believe it."

"What are you talking about?" Markie said.

"Well, I read where you're The Maniac now. A wild nut who starts trouble. That's not my old partner."

Markie didn't speak for a few seconds. Then, in an embarrassed tone, he said, "Yes, it's me all right. I can't explain the change. What else can I say?"

Well, we talked for about an hour. I dread seeing my phone bill. Tampa, Florida, is a long ways from El Paso, Texas. But it was worth it. I'll tell you why. I finally talked Markie into coming to Florida and teaming up with me again. It will be just like old times. He said he'd fill the remainder of his commitments in Texas and then come East. I can't wait, and I think that the millions of fans who remember us from the old days will be just as excited as I am when they hear the news.

DON CURTIS
Tampa, Fla.

BRING 'EM BACK!

Sirs:

I think the Mark Lewin-Don Curtis tag-team was the best ever, and wish something could be done to bring them together again. And I'll bet a lot of wrestling fans will agree with me.

TONY URBANO
Oakville, Conn.

CLEANS UP WRESTLING DIRTY

Sirs:

Your article on Mark Lewin (Dec./63) was great! Lewin may not be a clean wrestler, but I'll bet he cleans up more dough than he did when he was a "good guy" . . . and he gives the sport what it really needs—action! We should have more wrestlers like him. Everyone in the northeast has missed Mark since he left.

CARL KLEINBERG
Saddle Brook, N. J.

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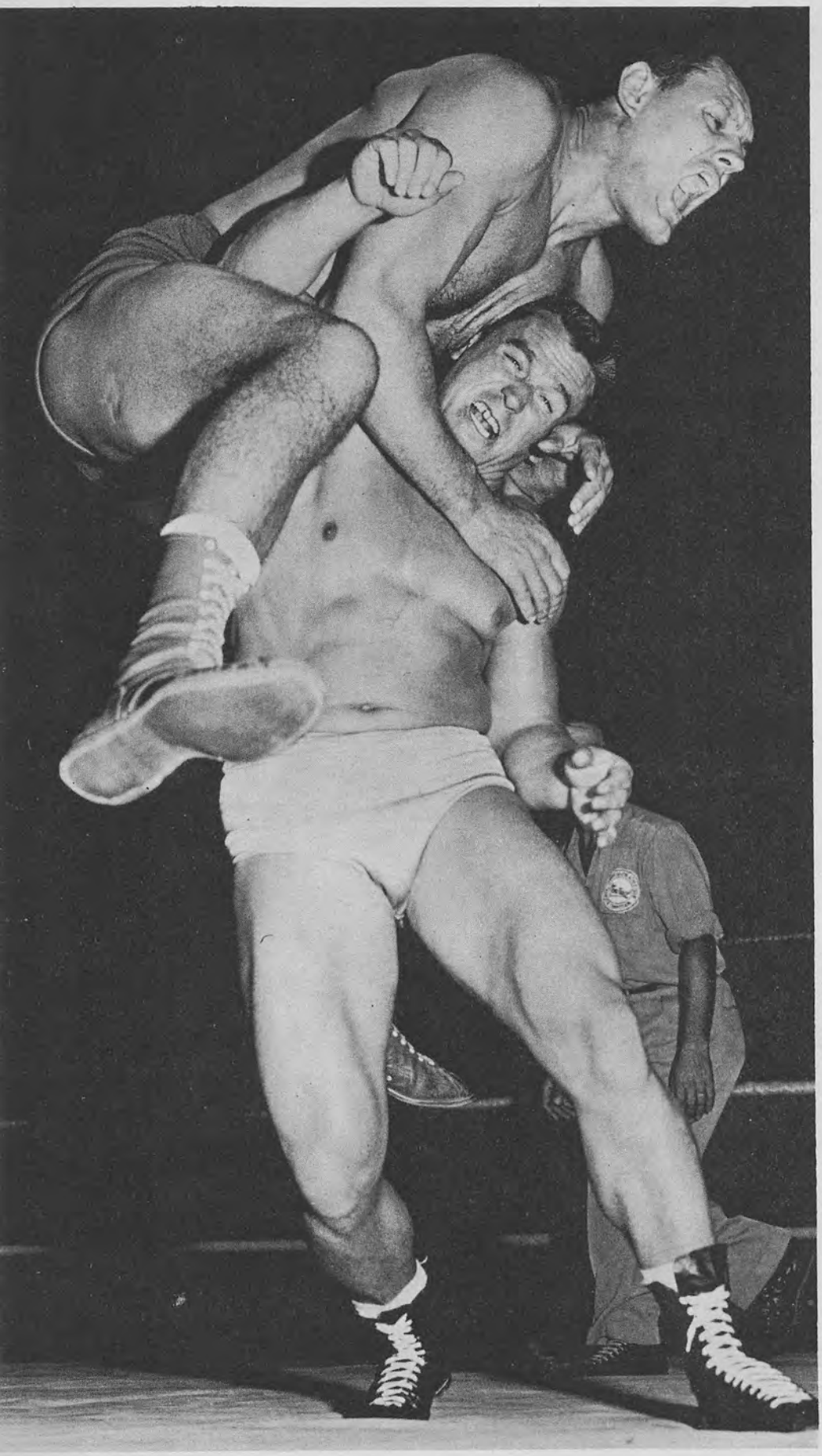
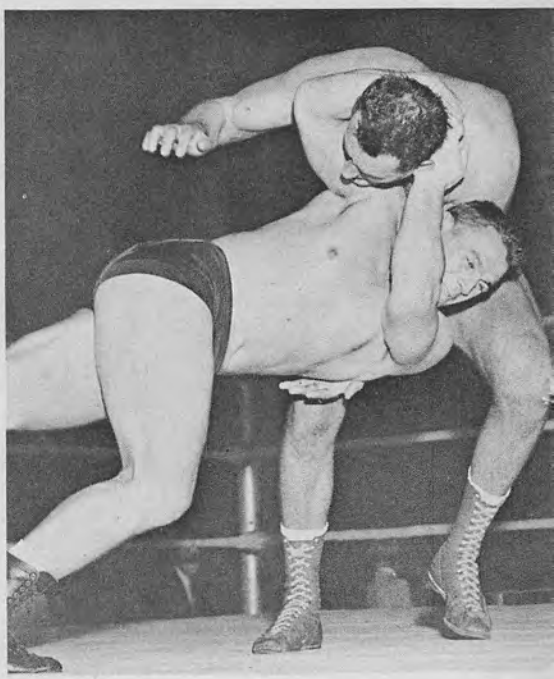


Though dwarfed by 6'7" Kowalski, Carpentier gives impressive demonstration of strength by hoisting 285-pound giant to his shoulders.



Kowalski didn't like it one bit when Ed softened him with a drop kick and then clamped on this neck-breaking headlock.

WREST

By TONY LANZA

(Photos by the author)

Edouard amazed the fans with his acrobatic feats. Look at his powerful muscles strain as he applies pressure.

Ooof! Killer walked right into this one. Carpentier often catches his opponents this way as he comes spinning out of a front somersault. He has a great sense of timing.

Oh, no—not again! Yep, again. This time, Edouard pulls a switch by grabbing Killer's hands for leverage as he plants his boots on the giant's chest for a mighty shove.

LING'S LONGEST FEUD

After countless pints of spilled blood, broken arms, legs and collarbones, Ed Carpentier still says hopefully of his longtime foe, Killer Kowalski, "Maybe some of my manners will rub off on him."

AS THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS would put it: "Don't ever invite Edouard Carpentier and Killer Kowalski to the same party if you don't want your chandeliers busted . . ."

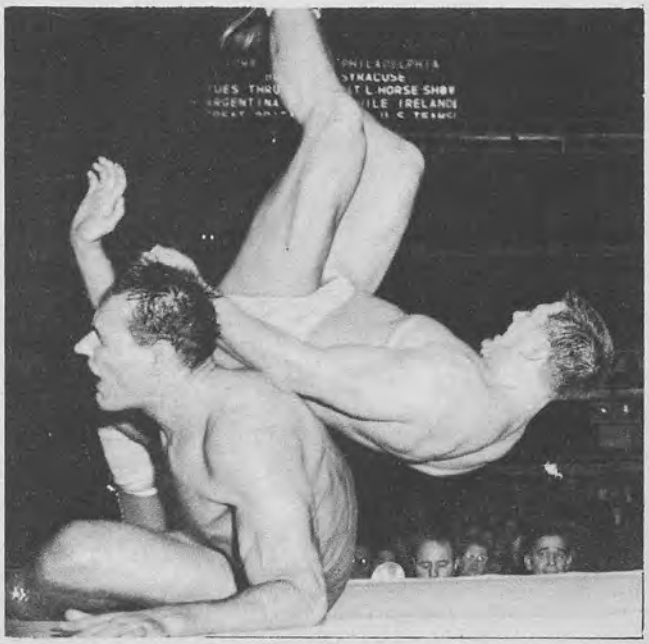
Both have been nursing a king-sized grudge ever since Carpentier invaded the Canadian mat circuit after whipping all opposition in France.

What touched off wrestling's longest feud? Edouard remembers the incident almost as if it had happened yesterday. You don't forget things like that, no matter how much time has elapsed.

And more than eight years have elapsed since Carpentier, hailed like a conquering hero, bustled into Montreal to wrestle for promoter Eddie Quinn.

To understand the Carpentier-Kowalski feud, you have to know something about Edouard, his background, his pride, his charming Gallic manners.

Carpentier was the toast of France when Quinn offered him more glory in North America. After twice representing his country as a gymnast in the Olympics, he turned to wrestling under the tutelage of former champion Henri DeGlane and in less than two seasons of campaigning all



Killer feels his back crack as Ed comes down with a big splash. In more than 50 bouts over eight-year period, the popular Frenchman has had slight edge in victories.

Battered almost senseless in their first bout, Carpentier recuperated swiftly and hit back with tremendous drop kicks.

Killer tenses as Carpentier pays him back for insults that no self-respecting Frenchman could ignore. "In France," says Ed, "you would challenge a man like him to a duel."

over Europe defeated big Felix Miquet to capture the European crown.

Promoter Quinn figured he'd be a sensation with French-Canadians, but Edouard turned out to be much more than that. He aroused more enthusiasm than Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier and Brigitte Bardot combined.

In four successive shows in Montreal, "The Flying Frenchman," as he was dubbed, drew 100,000 spectators. On one of these shows, he wrestled Killer Kowalski — and thereby hangs this tale.

Glowing with adulation from ecstatic fans, Edouard was in excellent spirits. "I loved everybody," he recalls. And everybody, it seemed, loved him—except one surly individual named Kowalski.

Kowalski, who held the Canadian title at the time, had seen Edouard go through his phenomenal aerial maneuvers but had remained unimpressed. "If that's the best the French can do," the Killer commented sourly, "then they're in pretty bad shape."

There were many other cracks along the same vein, most of them unprintable. Edouard got wind of them and was shocked by Kowalski's display of crudeness. "In France," he said, "you would challenge a man like that to a death duel."

As bout time neared, Kowalski became more and more vituperative. When someone asked the 6′7″, 285-pound Killer if he wasn't worried about his 5′9½″, 220-pound opponent, he snarled: "Yeah, I'm worried that he might not show up for the beating I'm gonna give him."

The well-mannered Carpentier couldn't believe his ears. Was it possible, he thought, that a man he had never met should say such things about him? He decided to pay Kowalski a visit to find out for himself.

Edouard will never forget that "visit." We put quotes around the word because Edouard didn't actually get to see the Killer. He talked to him on the phone in Kowalski's hotel lobby. Their conversation went like this:

CARPENTIER: "Hallo, Mr. Kowalski? This is Edouard Carpentier. I was wondering if I could have a little talk with you."

KOWALSKI: (gratingly): "I don't talk to bums."

CARPENTIER (holding the receiver away from his ear in disbelief): "Maybe some people have been spreading stories. If there has been a misunderstanding, I would like to clear it up."

KOWALSKI (cuttingly): "There hasn't been any misunderstanding. You heard right. You're a bum and I'm gonna send you back on the first

Killer narrowly escapes another slam by pulling back just in time. Enraged by Ed's flying tactics, he growled: "If he ever stands still for a second, I'll murder him."

But Carpentier kept bouncing and flying and somersaulting while Kowalski kept reeling and spinning and twisting.

plane—tonight!"

CARPENTIER: "But let me . . ."

Kowalski didn't let him do anything. He slammed down the receiver and left the Frenchman with his jaw hanging open. What an incredible man, Edouard thought. He needed to be taught a lesson.

There were many in the Montreal Forum that night who prayed Edouard would do just that. But they wondered. Carpentier was relatively inexperienced compared to the universally-hated Killer, a veteran of over 750 bouts.

The crowd gave Carpentier a thunderous reception when he bounced into the ring and did several somersaults to warm up. Kowalski, already in his corner, glowered as he paced back and forth.

Even before the bell, the Killer bolted across the ring and caught Edouard unawares with a crackling shot to the jaw. Carpentier reeled against the ropes and Kowalski laced him again and again, finally flooring him with a series of booming knee lifts.

Edouard had experienced some roughhouse sessions in his first Canadian bouts—but nothing to compare with this. Kowalski, he knew, would murder him if he didn't do something—fast.

Carpentier stayed away from the Killer until his head cleared and the strength flowed back into his powerful arms and legs. Then he gave the fans a brilliant acrobatic show — something never before seen in a North American ring.

Moving with lightning speed, he gave Kowalski a taste of his own medicine — but did it with typical Gallic stye, with dazzling leaps off the ropes, somersaults, handsprings and jaw-cracking back flips.

It was a new experience for Kowalski. He tried to nail the Flying Frenchman but Carpentier was too fast and battered the giant Pole until he fell exhausted.

Then it happened. As Carpentier closed in for the kill, Kowalski suddenly lashed out with his foot. The heel struck Edouard's kneecap with a dislocating thud.

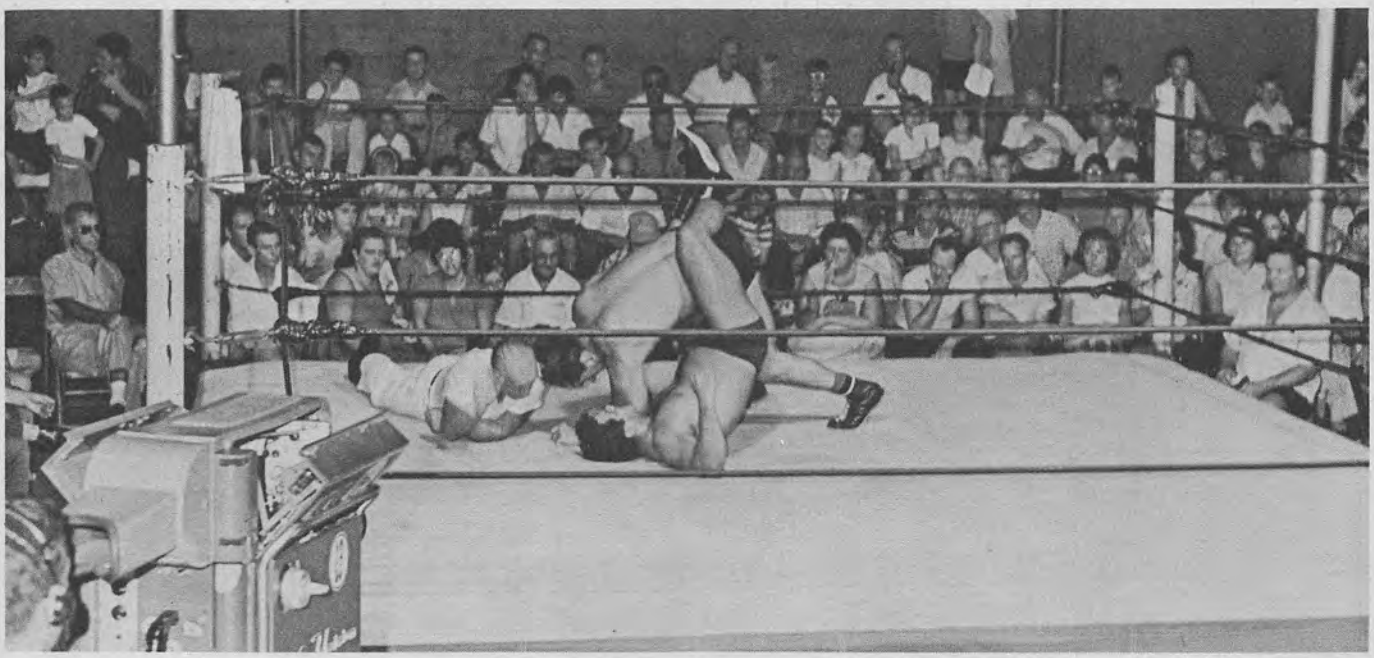
Gasping with pain, Carpentier toppled over Kowalski's prostrate body. Through the agony, Edouard suddenly felt a burst of tremendous fury.

There was no question that Kowalski had deliberately maimed him. Fighting back the pain, he rose on one knee and with a bellow of rage smashed Kowaski's shoulders to the mat for the pin.

What infuriated Carpentier even more, if that were possible, was Kowalski's unsportsmanlike comment after the match: *Continued on page 65*

In Florida Sun
Seco

By Jerry Prater



Top performers, including Lou Thesz, have appeared on "Championship Wrestling." Here, Thesz gets set to pin Ramon Torres.

Long known as the place to soak up sun, thousands now invade Florida mainly to thrill to a strange and violent kind of wrestling

"HI! GORDON SOLIE, your announcer here. Welcome once again to Championship Wrestling From Florida. There are three outstanding matches on today's program . . ."

Thus begins another in the tremendously successful series of television wrestling programs originating in Tampa, and seen throughout the state, as well as in a number of areas throughout the Southeast.

Championship Wrestling From Florida got its start in February, 1961, when veteran promoter C. P. "Cowboy" Luttrall was seeking a way to publicize the

Announcer Gordon Solie listens patiently (what else can he do?) as The Great Malenko proclaims to the TV audience that nobody—but nobody—can beat him.

shine Rates
nd to Wrestling

Tinker Todd and masked Mr. X (left) fume as Kentuckians Luke Brown and Jake Smith keep them waiting while they sign autographs.

sport in his sprawling territory.

Luttrall went to Tampa's WTVT and proposed a television wrestling show which would feature both local and imported talent. The management was a bit reserved in their enthusiasm, but Cowboy persuaded them to give it a try. The program, distributed on video tape and shown weekly in every major Florida market, has proven phenomenally successful. By June 1961 the program had done so much to boost wrestling, that promoters throughout the state found it unnecessary to close down for the Summer, as had been the custom.

The best in the business have appeared on "Championship Wrestling"; Pat O'Connor, Buddy Rogers and Lou Thesz wrestled on the show during their reigns as champion. Eddie Graham has been a regular since the program started and his controversial brother, Jerry, has also appeared. Kurt and Karl Von Brauner, along with their manager, Saul Weingeroff, appear regularly, as does The Great Malenko. Others who have lent their fame — or infamy—as the case may be, to this program are: Don Curtis, Buddy "Killer" Austin, Hans Schmidt, Wild Red Berry, The Fabulous Kangaroos, Hans Mortier, Primo Carnera, Haystacks Calhoun, Dick Steinborn, Hiro Matsuda, "Cowboy" Bob Ellis, Karl Gotch, Fred Blassie, Yukon Eric, Dory Funk, Nick and Jerry Kozak, Iron Mike DiBiase and a host of others.

Championship Wrestling features the traditional scientific aspects of the sport in combination with the unusual and the unexpected. For instance there was the time when The Great Malenko carried an opponent from the ring and deposited him on announcer Gordon Solie's desk. Malenko then jumped up on the desk and, after administering several kicks to his unconscious victim, proclaimed to Gordon and the television audience that, "There is no competition for The Great Malenko."

On another occasion Eddie Graham and Malenko got into an unscheduled war, only half of which the TV audience got to see. The two bitter enemies were still snarling at one another as they left the ring, so it wasn't too surprising to learn that hostilities resumed in the dressing room, which was a shambles by the time half a dozen other wrestlers finally separated them.

When Buddy Rogers made an appearance on the program he was afforded the courtesy of being interviewed following the main event, as is customary in the case of a wrestler of renown. While Buddy was in the process of unfavorably comparing Eddie Graham to Malenko ("Graham's in about the same class with that crazy Russian"), Eddie came upon the scene. Graham had recently been injured in a match with Malenko, making it impossible for him to meet Rogers at the time. The interview suddenly turned into a heated argument and nearly resulted in the match

Referee Johnny Carlin mashes Lord Nelson Royal's face as he yanks him off Len Rossi.

Eddie Graham praises promoter Cowboy Luttrall (fancy shirt) for aiding Tampa Boys' Club. At left is club director "Stretch" Murphy.

everyone wanted to see — Rogers vs. Graham — explode then and there.

Graham had recovered from his back injury and took his revenge out on Malenko, getting the Russian to sign a pre-bout contract which called for the loser to leave the state.

A TV wrestling show can have its lighter moments, such as the time a late laundry truck threw everything into a turmoil. The laundry which ordinarily delivers a clean ring canvas well in advance of match time didn't come through as usual on this particular Saturday morning. The wrestlers were ready, the audience seated, the television equipment checked out, the impending deadline had arrived and there, right in the center of all the activity, was the ring, looking downright naked without a clean, white canvas stretched over the ugly matted floor. A frantic call to the laundry secured the calm assurance that the canvas was on its way and should arrive at any moment. The trouble was that at that point there weren't any moments left. Substitutes ranging from a parachute to a pair of Haystacks Calhoun's overalls were suggested. Someone even suggested completely disassembling the ring and devoting the program to showing the fans, step by step, how it is put together. Disaster was averted however by the arrival of the laundry truck; late, but not too late. Its driver, a young man obviously new to that particular route, inquired as to whether the delivery of "some sort of a big, white tent" was expected.

The fans themselves furnish some of the most interesting and amusing aspects of a TV wrestling program. Consider the case of the disgruntled gentleman who took exception to some things The Great Malenko said and did, and offered to pay a hundred dollars for a ringside seat if he would be permitted to bring his shotgun. Then there was the lady who, upon hearing the masked Mighty Yankees announce that they despised southern cooking, offered to furnish, prepare and serve them all the hog jowls and grits they could eat provided the antagonistic masked men would be force-fed an exclusive diet of these items.

Perhaps the most amusing incident involving fans occurred when two little old ladies, the type so often referred to by used car salesmen, had parked their spotless 1937 De Soto in the adjacent lot and somehow managed to walk into the dressing room by mistake. The wrestlers therein, reposing as they were in varied states of undress, scrambled madly for any available towel. The ladies were greeted by shouts of, "Hey, you can't come in here," and "Don't you know this is a dressing room?"

The two women, completely unruffled by the incident, turned and left at their leisure. As they departed one was overheard to say, "What the hell did they think we were going to do, rape them?"

An incident which could have been very un-funny happened during the course of a very exciting, close-fought match. Jerry Christy was in the ring against Karl Von Brauner, while an-

Going over their notes for an interview with Luke Brown and Jake Smith are announcer Gordon Solie and director Jim Hillier (left).

nouncer Solie, seated at a small table atop a not-too-sturdy platform which elevated him in order to gain a better camera angle for interviews, was describing the match. At this point it should be mentioned that, his ringside seat notwithstanding, Solie seldom looks at the ring, but instead describes the action from a television monitor.

"Karl Von Brauner has Christy in a hammerlock," Gordon Solie was saying, "this can be a very painful hold . . . but Christy breaks free and comes back with a forearm smash. Now the German catches his arm and hurls him into the ropes—and he goes right through . . ."

The crash that followed was the result of the huge, powerful Christy landing practically in Gordon's lap, demolishing table and platform and sending Gordon sprawling across the floor. Gordon had been watching his monitor and while he'd seen Christy thrown out of the ring, he'd seen it from the angle the TV cameras were shooting and didn't realize the man was headed straight for him.

Christy, who later said that he hadn't realized what actually happened, jumped back into the ring, eager to even the score with Von Brauner. Gordon's only injury was to his pride, and he never let that show, but rather carried on just as if he hadn't been nearly demolished.

Ordinarily an interviewer has no problem in "filling" a few extra minutes when there's a wrestler around. Most wrestlers, if not altogether outspoken, are good talkers and welcome the exposure. On one occassion however Gordon Solie had eleven minutes to fill and only one man to interview. Normally this wouldn't have presented a problim, but the young man in question, while an excellent wrestler, was camera-shy. Gordon's most leading questions never rated more than a "yes" or "no." Gordon asked the young wrestler questions about everything from his childhood to his ideas on space travel. "That was a long eleven minutes," says Solie. ■

Jim Hillier (left) and video engineer Larry Eskridge don't take any chances, like Gordon Solie. They play it safe, watching the action from mobile TV unit.

Vashon finds Don McClarty's full head of hair useful as he slams him to mat in Minneapolis.

THIS

Maurice Vashon, as any knowledgeable fan will tell you, is not just another villain with a beard. To understand why, you must understand his background and, more important, you must see what he does to his victims

By Hubert Patrick

MAURICE VASHON sprang out of bed and grabbed his rifle as the chatter of machine gun fire split the night stillness in El Golea, Algeria.

Scrambling to his window, he spotted shadowy figures flitting across the yard, blasting away furiously and hurling grenades as they ran.

With a curse, Vashon poked his rifle out the window and pumped frantically. But the terrorists vanished as swiftly as they had come and a brooding silence again enveloped the town.

Vashon muttered an oath in French and went back to bed. But he couldn't sleep. He lay there thinking, his mind a pinwheel of emotions.

This had been the fourth attack in four nights. The terrorists were getting bolder and bolder, resorting to savage violence against the French residents.

Hoisting Bob Bedard off his pins, Maurice prepares to bash his head through the canvas in Montreal bout.

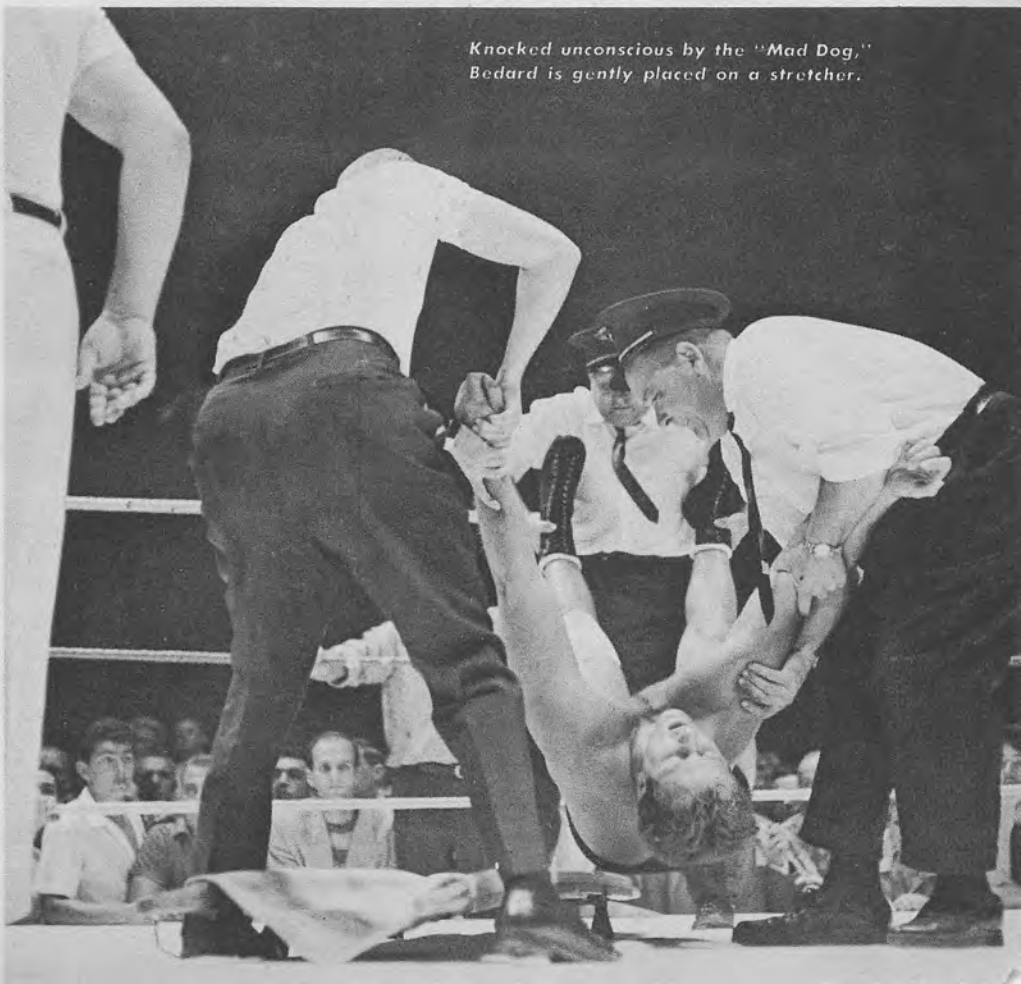
Vashon is scarcely breathing hard as referee lifts his hand in victory over Bedard after brutal match.

MAD DOG BITES, TOO

Maurice grimly appraised his situation. It was bad enough having to slave in the fields for a few francs a day and then being reduced to begging for a living after the two-month harvest period. But staying here was sheer suicide.

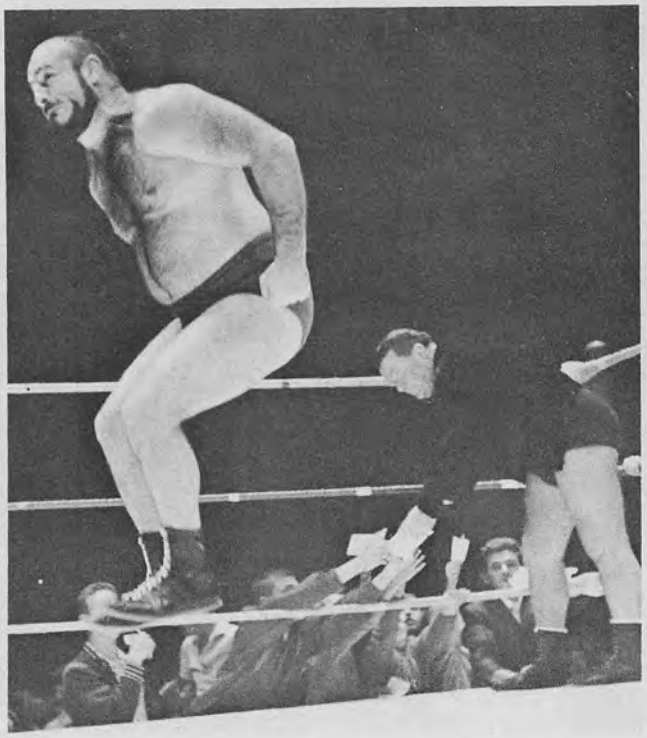
Stroking his beard, Vashon knew it was senseless to risk his hide fighting phantom enemies. If he could grapple with them it would be different. He reveled in hand-to-hand combat. It aroused a primitive passion in him. He remembered the night he had caught a slow-moving raider. Grunting with rage, Vashon had broken his arms and neck.

Maurice flexed his powerful muscles, tanned and rock-hard from heavy work in the fields, and wondered. He had read fascinating stories in the glossy French magazines about men who wrestled for a living. They made fab-



Knocked unconscious by the "Mad Dog," Bedard is gently placed on a stretcher.

Not satisfied with maiming Bedard, Maurice tries to interfere with the officials preparing to carry out the stretcher.



With animal enthusiasm, the "Mad Dog" leapfrogs around the ring to warm up while his opponent signs autographs.

ulous sums of money, traveled all over the world, wined and dined in the best of places, had their pick of sleek, gleaming women . . .

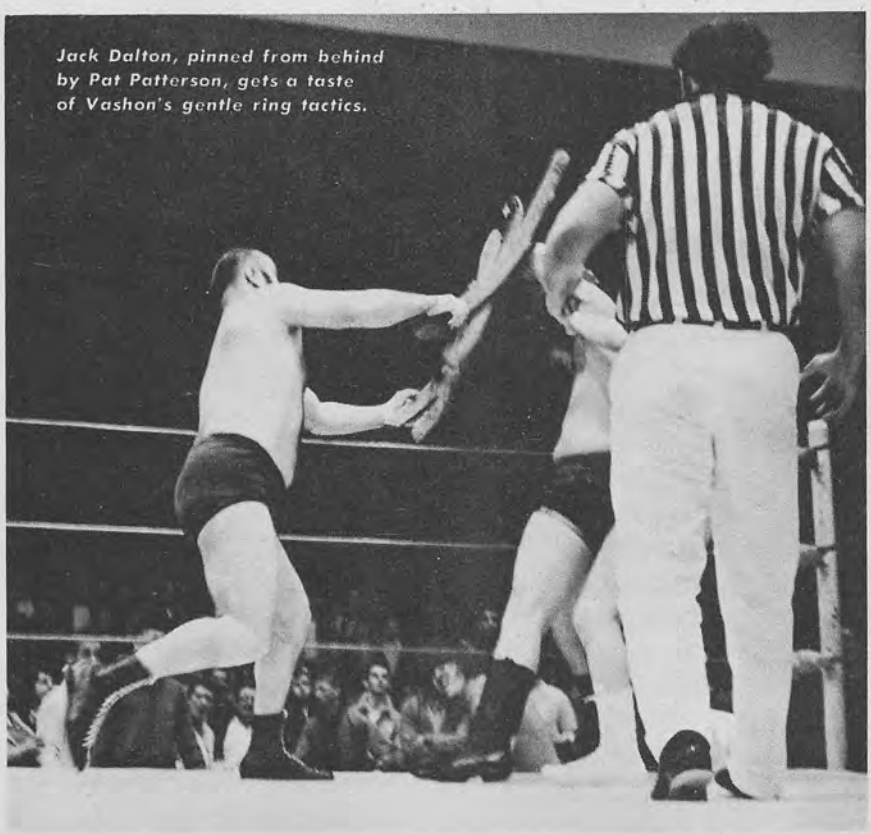
Mon Dieu! That's what he would do. Get out of this festering rat-hole and become a wrestler. If he had to fight, he might as well get paid for it. What of it if, unlike most pro wrestlers, he lacked amateur experience and had never indulged in any sports? He could match his 5'11", 210-pound body against anyone — and win. All he needed was a chance to prove it.

He got that chance after leapfrogging from Algeria to France to Montreal, Canada. Vashon would be the last man to say his debut was a success. Fact is, he laid a bigger egg than an ostrich. He just couldn't seem to get started. He lacked the fire that had ignited him in Algeria. His opponents were fearsome enough, but they weren't terrorists and Maurice treated them like any other human beings, with the result that the fans yawned in his face.

Grimacing in a mirror, Maurice practiced on how to look ferocious. He trimmed his black beard to give him as villainous a visage as possible — a square tuft over his chin and twin spears vertically across his cheeks, giving the illusion of a devil's horns. He glowered, grunted and raged. But when he got into the ring, the effect was gone.

Vashon refused to turn to any-

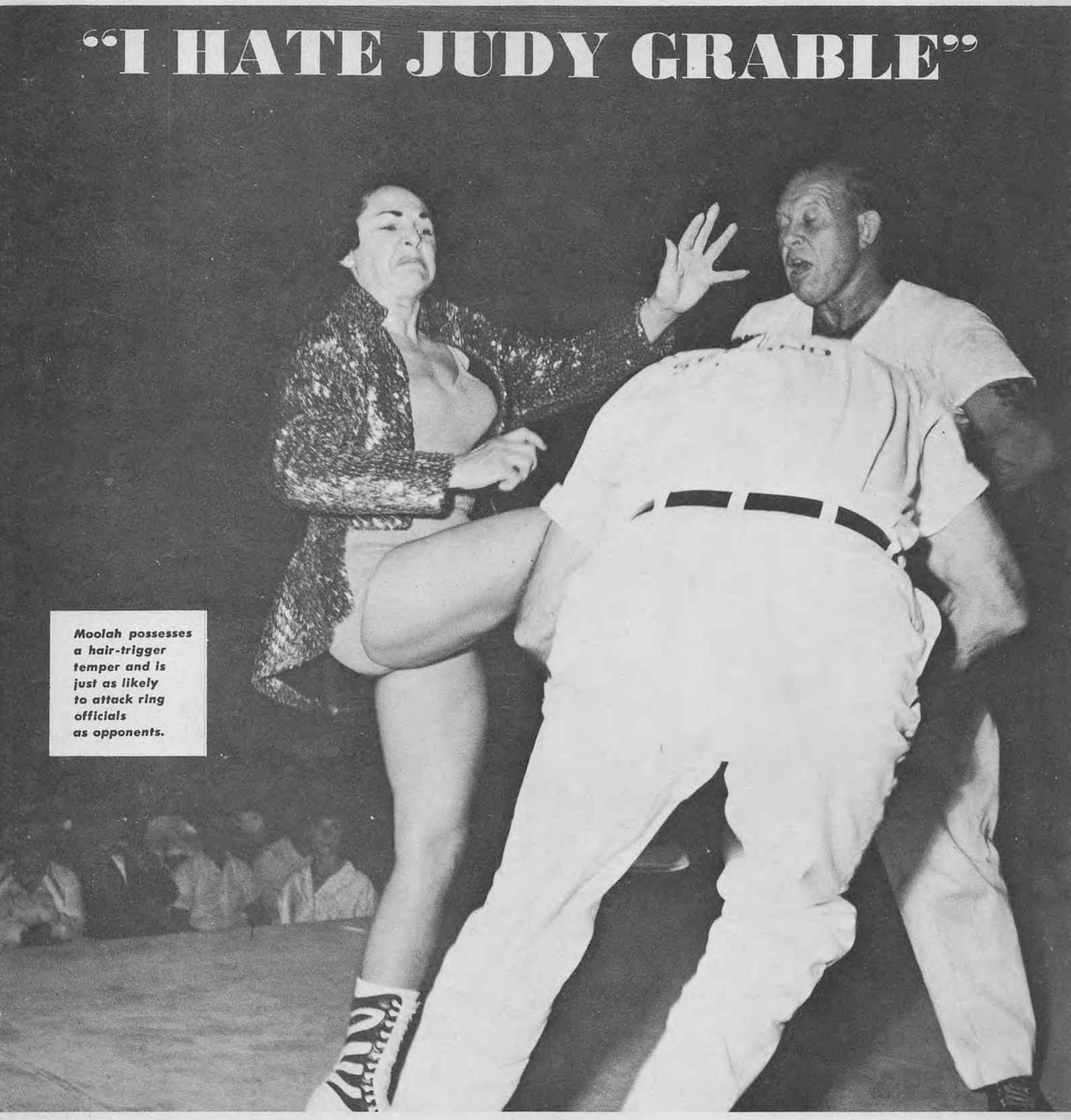
Continued on page 66



Jack Dalton, pinned from behind by Pat Patterson, gets a taste of Vashon's gentle ring tactics.

The Fabulous Moolah Tells Why . . .

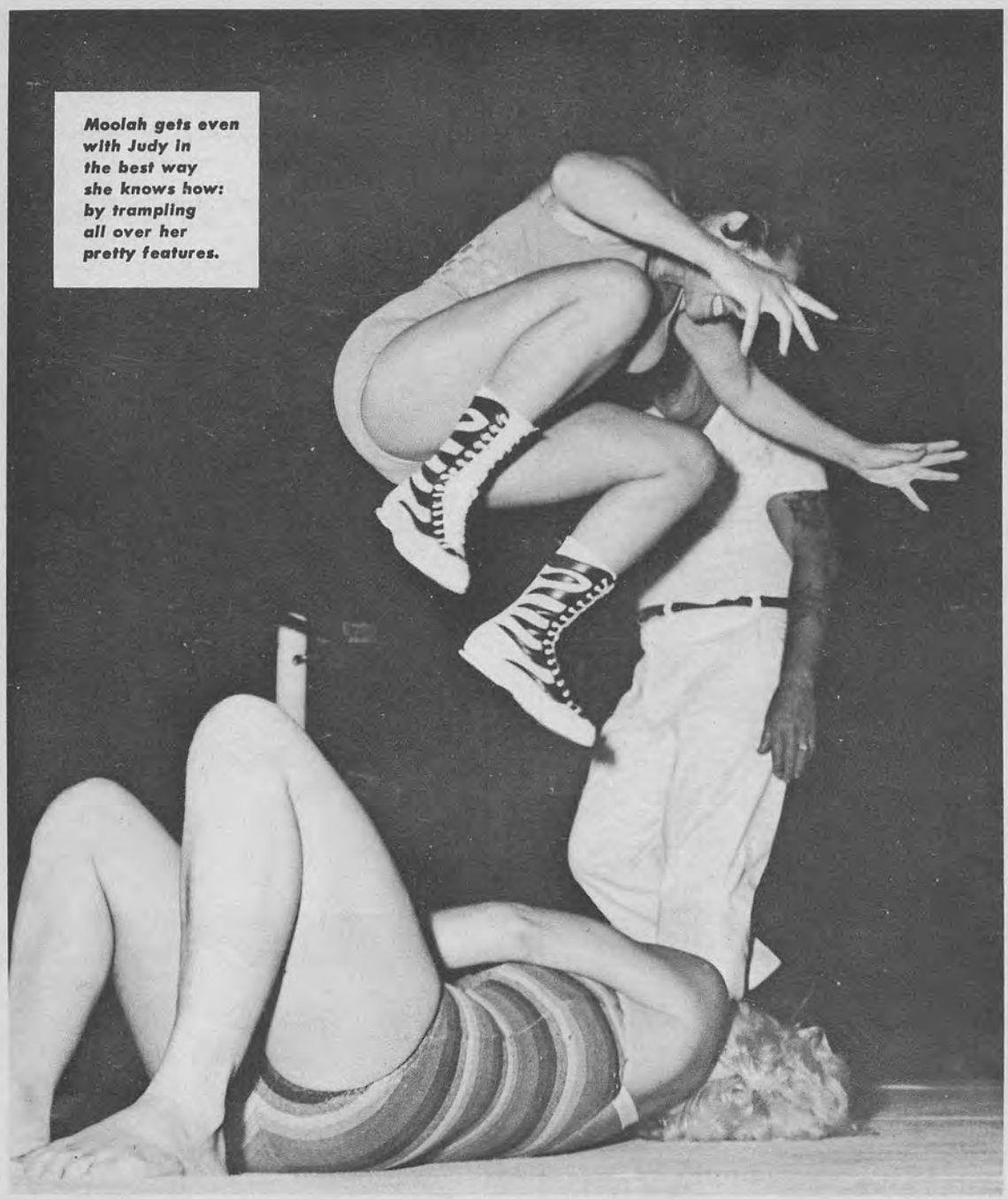
"I HATE JUDY GRABLE"



Moolah possesses a hair-trigger temper and is just as likely to attack ring officials as opponents.

MOOLAH'S BEE-STUNG LIPS curled with contempt. "You ask me why I hate Judy Grable?" she flared suddenly. "Why shouldn't I hate that witch after what she's done to me? No, no—I don't want to discuss it. What's the point? Anyway, I get my revenge every time I get her in the ring. And it's all legal, too!"

Moments before, the Fabulous Moolah had been bubbling with high spirits as she laced her high red boots in the cramped dressing room and



Moolah gets even with Judy in the best way she knows how: by trampling all over her pretty features.

talked about her mat successes. But when Judy Grable's name was mentioned, the "Slave Girl" swiftly lost her charm and vivacity and a dark frown creased her face.

"Why don't you want to talk about Grable?" we asked. "After all, Judy's not exactly a shrinking violet in telling everybody what she thinks of *you*. She says you're nothing but a diamond-studded showoff and that if you didn't have sharp teeth you couldn't wrestle a lick . . ."

Moolah balled her fists. "That's typical of that loudmouth," she gritted. "She's always criticizing people for things she's guilty of herself. If anybody goes around biting people, it's Grable. And believe me, she's got a big enough mouth for it."

"But Moolah, you're not the kind of person who lets insults like that bother you. Come on, now—what's the real reason for your big hate? Did Judy steal your man?"

"No. Anyway, what man would look at her after seeing me?"

"Did she injure you physically?"

"She broke my shoulder once when I was lying helpless on the ropes—a really vicious thing to do. But that doesn't account for my hate, either."

"Maybe she cast aspersions on your womanhood?"

"No, nothing like that."

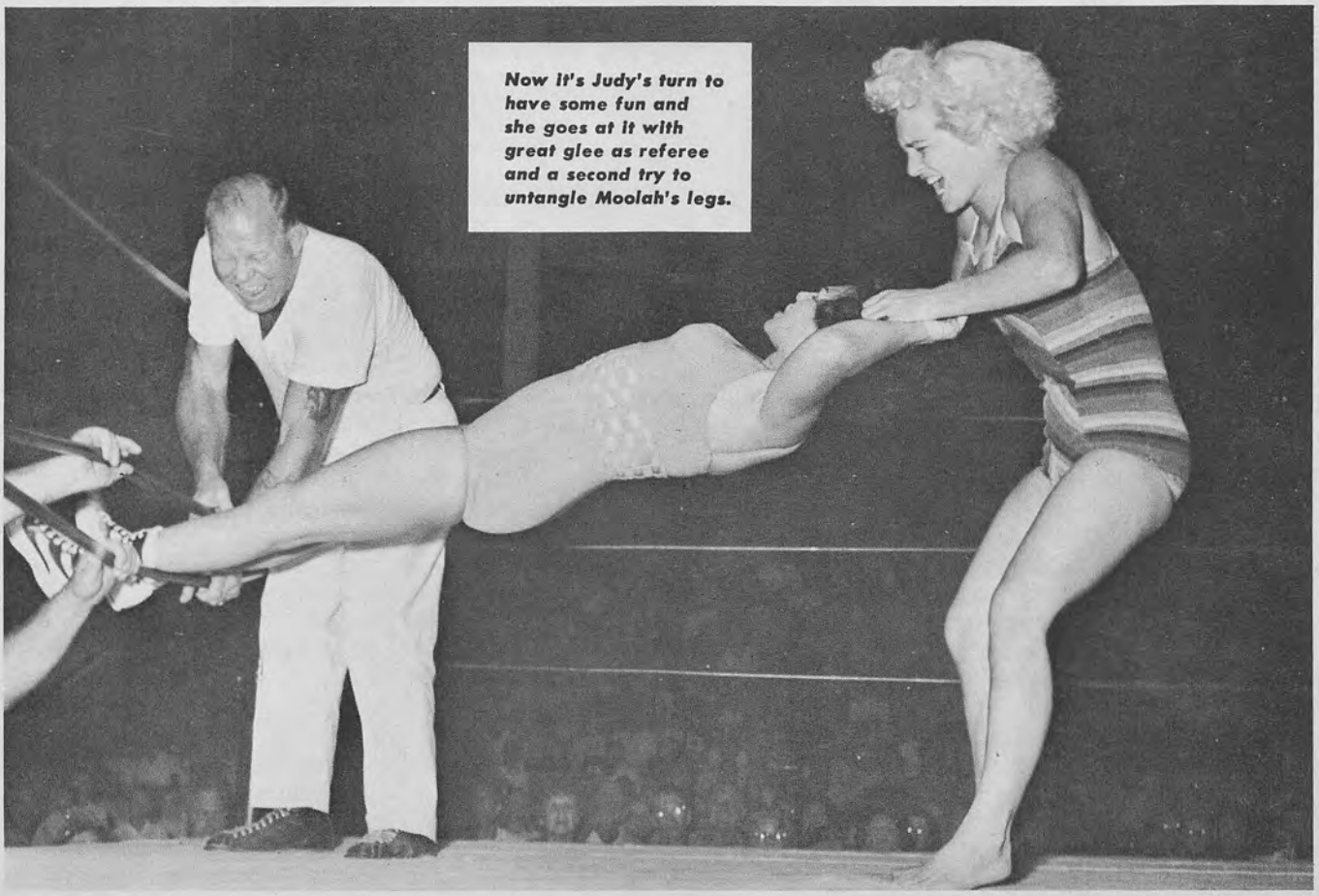
"What then—?"

"Well . . ." Moolah looked embarrassed as she kicked the leg of the rubbing table. It's kinda hard to explain . . ."

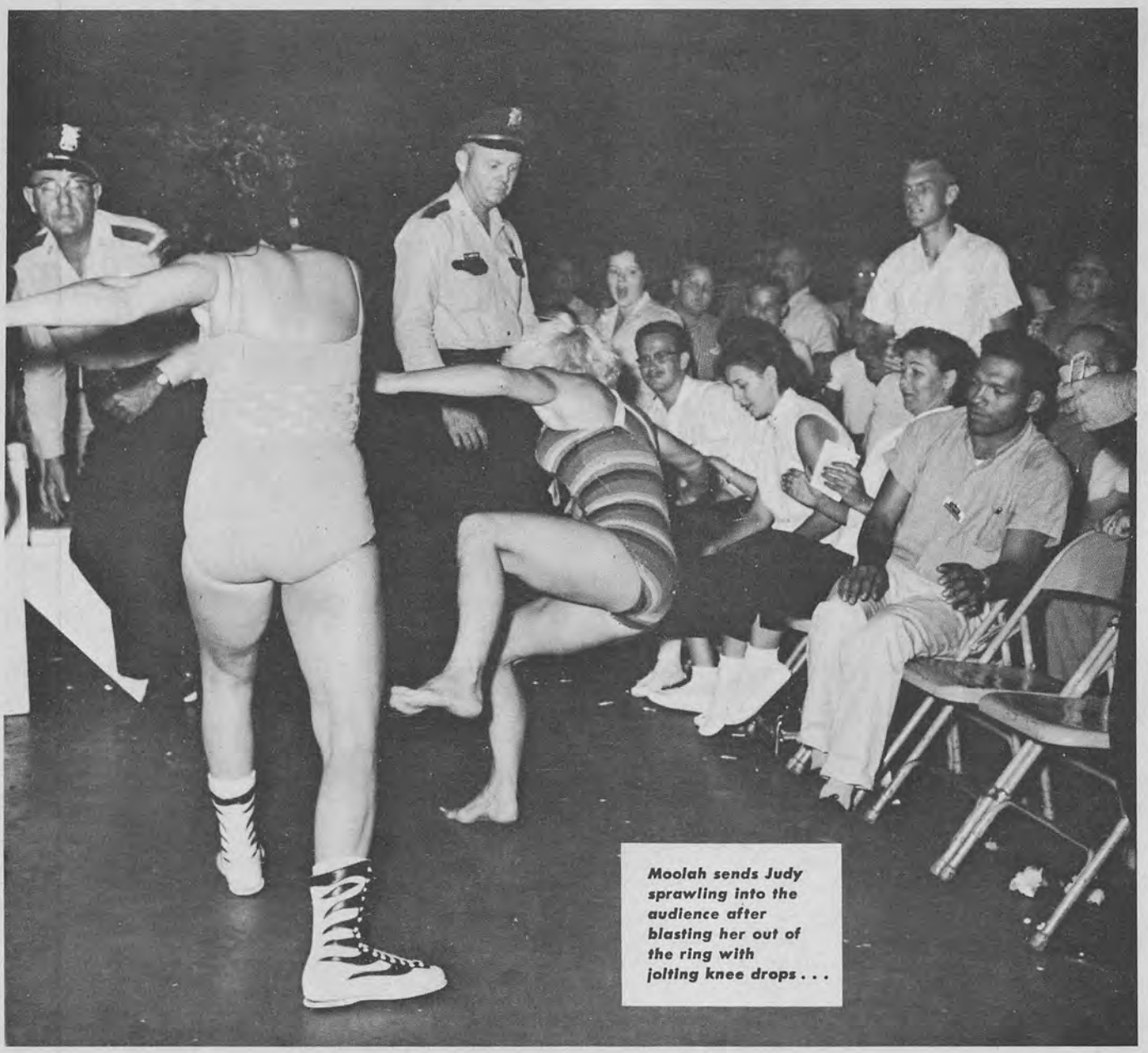
"Try."

"Oh, all right. Maybe I should start by telling

How Grable got herself into this position she'll never know. But leave it to Moolah to come up with a tricky maneuver. Judy had to do a lot of wriggling to squirm out of this one.



Now it's Judy's turn to have some fun and she goes at it with great glee as referee and a second try to untangle Moolah's legs.



Moolah sends Judy sprawling into the audience after blasting her out of the ring with jolting knee drops . . .

you that Judy and I used to be good friends . . ."

"Impossible!"

"No, it's true. Well, being good friends, we naturally got to share a lot of secrets—you know, about boyfriends and things like that . . .

"As you may know, I was raised on a farm in Kentucky. My dad got me a colt and I used to ride him all the time. I was crazy about that colt. I named him Pegasus after the horse in the fable. He was so beautiful, with a silky brown coat and big luminous eyes. Anyway, I could never forget Pegasus. After I left the farm to go out on my own, I would think about him and it would bring back all the warm memories of a happy childhood.

"I was telling Judy about this one day when she suddenly started laughing like she'd gone out of her flippin' mind. 'You're in love with a horse,' she screamed. 'Moolah is in love with a horse!' Did you ever hear of anything so silly? Well, you know how these silly things develop. At first I tried to talk some sense into her but it didn't work. Wherever we went, she'd tell people about my passion for that horse. So one day I socked her and that broke up the friendship.

"And do you know what she did? She sent me a big package. In it was a framed picture of a horse with an inscription at the bottom. It read: 'From one nag to another.' "

"But Moolah," we protested, "it's obvious that Judy was only kidding. Don't you think you took the whole thing too seriously?"

Moolah's eyes glinted. "That wasn't the end of it. She followed that up with another framed picture—this time of a donkey. And I don't have to tell you whose picture was pasted on the donkey's rear end."

Well, anybody could see how a thing like that could get Moolah's—uh—goat. But we were curious about Judy's reaction to all this and asked for *her* version.

Grable, a blonde with a blue-eyed sense of

. . . But Grable is a tough gal and blazes back with a two-fisted attack that leaves Moolah gasping over ring apron.

humor, was quite pleasant about it.

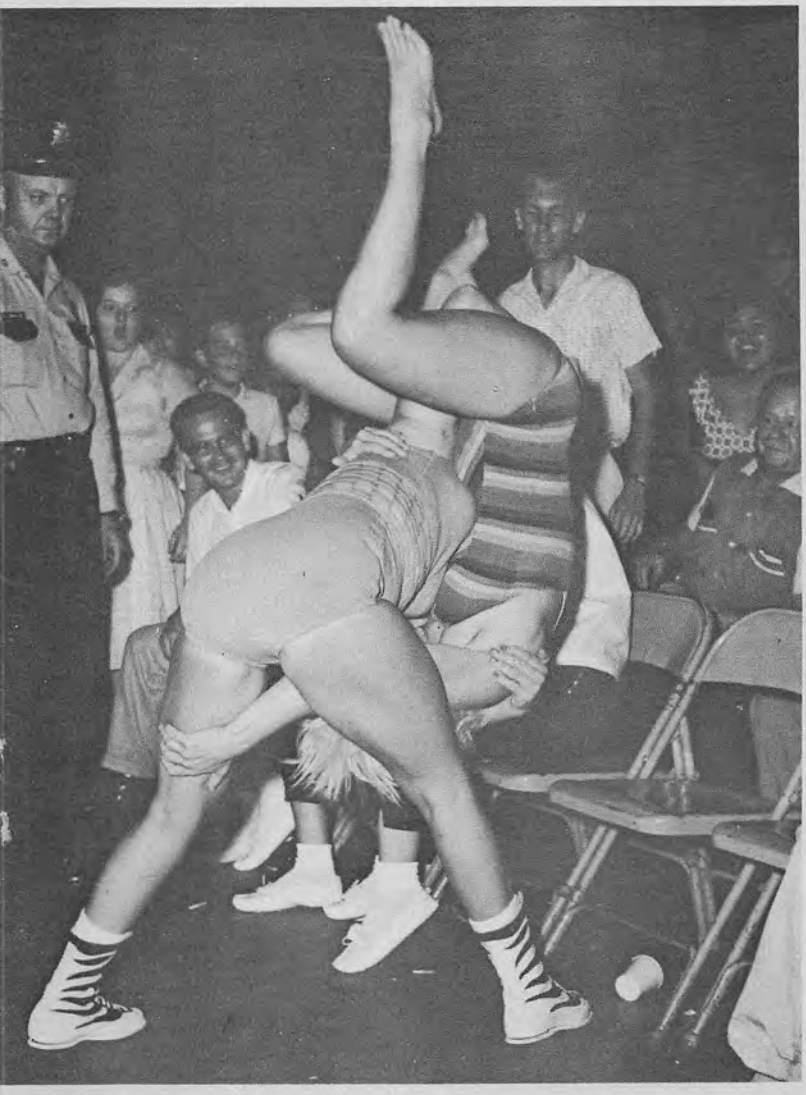
"Moolah's such a square," she said, stirring a cup of banana cream pie (she likes to spoon it). "When she told me about Pegasus, I'd just started going out with a Broadway character named Julius the Horse.

"Now Julius the Horse was a funny-looking duck, if you'll pardon the mixed metaphor. But he was a lotta laughs. He had knobs on his forehead and every time he laughed, which was often, the knobs would bop each other. Naturally, whenever I thought of Moolah's horse, I connected him with Julius—and broke up."

Judy shrugged and smiled wistfully. She seemed too sweet a girl to harbor any ill feelings toward a former friend. "Moolah is basically a nice person," she said. "Nice and mean."

Grable flashed a dazzling smile. "They call her the 'Slave Girl,'" she said. "They should have kept her in chains . . ."

And then, almost as if she were talking to herself: "Imagine that—being in love with a horse. Julius would have got a big kick out of that!" ■



Moolah, however, is deadliest when she appears beaten and Judy learns this to her great regret as she gets tossed.

Grable feels as if a hundred bones are broken as she gasps for air after Moolah sent her crashing into ringside seats.

Spectators always expect violent action when Moolah and Grable tangle—and the girls never disappoint them.

GREAT THINGS ARE PREDIC

Powerful, courageous and full of fight, Graham has impressed even the most stubborn skeptics, most of whom agree that he is indeed a future champion

A THUNDEROUS ROAR bellowed from the excited crowd, beating time to the thuds of Bobby Graham's massive forearms as they smashed into the contorted features of The Great Dane, a strapping descendant of the Vikings.

"Stop it!" the crowd screamed. "He's killing him!"

But the referee allowed it to continue—shattering body slams, crushing headlocks, rib-caving knee drops, crippling spread-eagles—until, at last, the battered blond head of the Dane sagged in defeat and the raging Graham plastered him to the canvas.

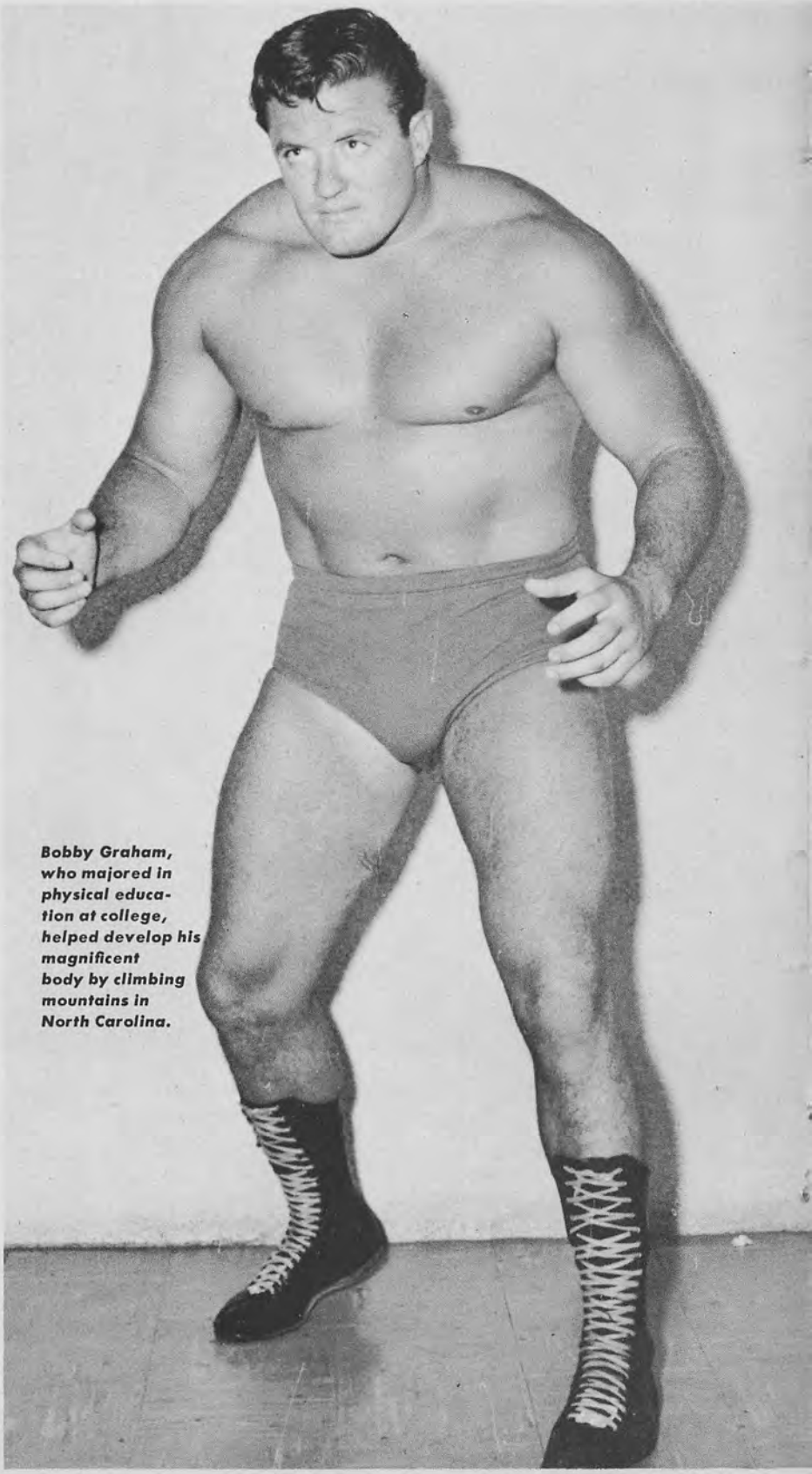
To a man, the crowd shuddered a sigh of relief. And to a man, they agreed: "There's the guy who'll some day be heavyweight champion of the world . . . if he doesn't kill someone first!"

And they all wondered: "What makes a seemingly gentle, well-mannered man like Bobby Graham turn into a wild animal? What turns him from a Dr. Jekyll into a Mr. Hyde?"

Perhaps the interview we had with Bobby, some two hours earlier, can shed some light on the situation:

The shimmer of gleaming health fairly flowed from his magnificent 245-pound frame as he talked, and a restless urge compelled him to pace the small dressing room.

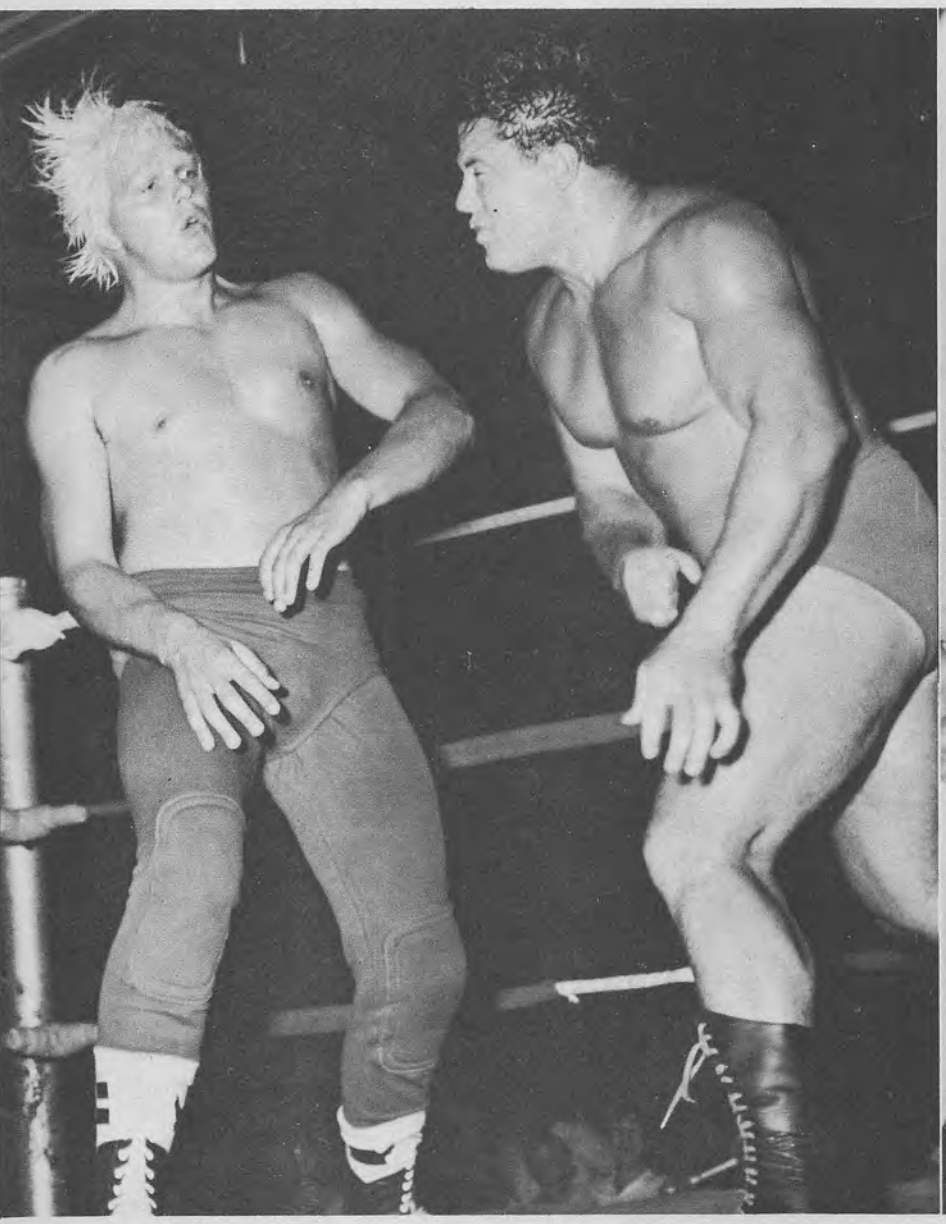
Slamming a massive fist into the palm of his right hand, he grated, "Ever since I can remember, I've had a thing about guys with blond hair. Why, I don't know . . . but when I get



Bobby Graham, who majored in physical education at college, helped develop his magnificent body by climbing mountains in North Carolina.

By Martin Meade

TED FOR BOBBY GRAHAM



Graham takes special delight in battering blond foes, like The Great Dane (left), admits: "I can't stand blond guys."

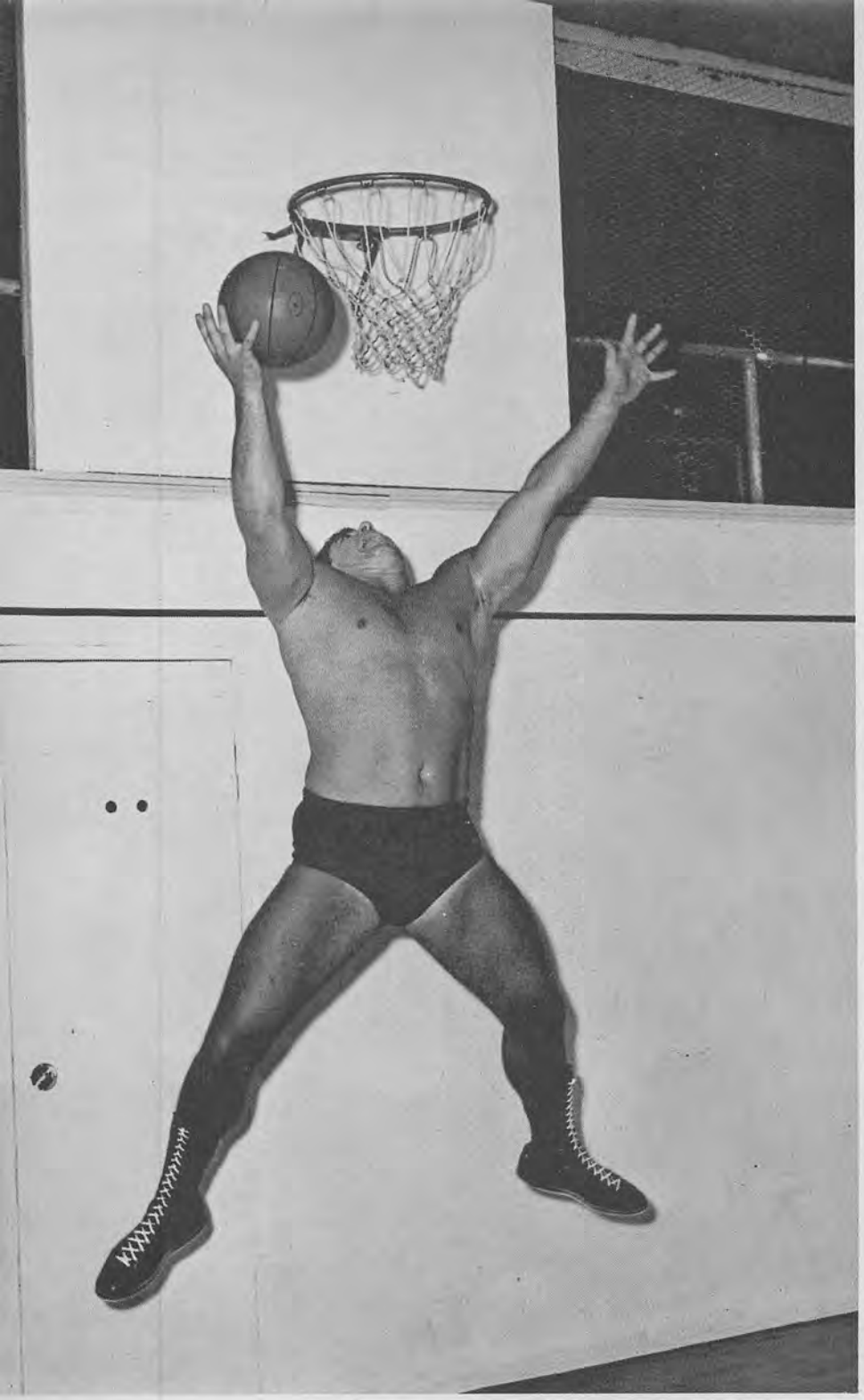
Rugged gym workouts, including a session with the heavy punching bag, keep Graham in peak condition.

one of those freaks in the ring, I just go wild and want to tear him apart.

"Of course, I like blonde girls," Bobby added with a grin. "And redheads and brunettes. In fact, you might say girls are my hobby. There's nothing I enjoy better than spending an evening with a gorgeous doll—dinner, dancing, a good movie. I'm a sucker for shoot-'em-up westerns."

Speaking of more pleasant things seemed to relax Bobby. Abruptly ceasing his pacing, he sat down, his hulk dwarfing and threatening to demolish the folding chair. His handsome face, unmarked by the hundreds of grueling matches, broke into a grin: "I've got other hobbies, too. For example, I love to paint. When I'm home, in Ashboro, and have the time, I often drive fifty, a hundred miles into the hills, just to try and capture, on canvas, some of the beautiful Carolina scenery. I know I'm no Rembrandt, but a day 'way out there by myself is wonderful relaxing, physically and mentally.

"Another hobby I have is tinkering around with sports cars . . . souping them up, prettying them up. You ought to see my "T-Bird" back home. I took



After bouncing around on the mat, Bobby bounces into the air to make his point about the value of basketball as a developer of fast reflexes.

this stock job and really jazzed it up . . . metallic gold, chrome plating, the works. It looks like a million bucks."

Graham got interested in wrestling when he was only a 14-year-old high school student at Ashboro, North Carolina. From the first his natural ability was evident, and he quickly mopped up the local opposition, winning the State high school championship. From Ashboro High, where he was an honor student and a star football player, he went to Appalachian State Teachers' College. There, he majored in physical education and continued his amateur wrestling.

"Every morning," Bobby reminisces, "the whole football squad would run four miles up the side of a mountain . . . all the way to a fire tower up on top. It was a helluva grind, but it sure put us in tip-top shape. I've been a firm believer in physical conditioning ever since. Now, in addition to taking long walks every day—there's nothing better for the wind and legs, and it gives me a chance to think up new holds and strategy — my gym workouts include sessions on the basketball court, punching the bag and a fast game of ping-pong — great for the eyes and for timing — and, of course, a lot of mat work."

While attending college, Graham won the Mr. North Carolina of 1959 award, a tribute to his remarkable physique.

"It was tough sometimes, passing up going with the other kids to the ice-cream parlor, but winning that contest made up for all the ice cream and cake I'd given up.

"I got some good offers to wrestle, after I graduated. And since there wasn't much money in teaching, I decided to turn pro. I've been wrestling about five years now . . . the money is good, I meet a lot of fine people and do a lot of traveling, which is an education in itself. I've never regretted my decision.

"I hope to be able to wrestle twenty more years, but when it's time to quit, I want to teach . . . teach and train young fellows to keep fit. I've aways felt that good physical fitness programs would do much to keep youngsters occupied and off the streets, where delinquency begins.

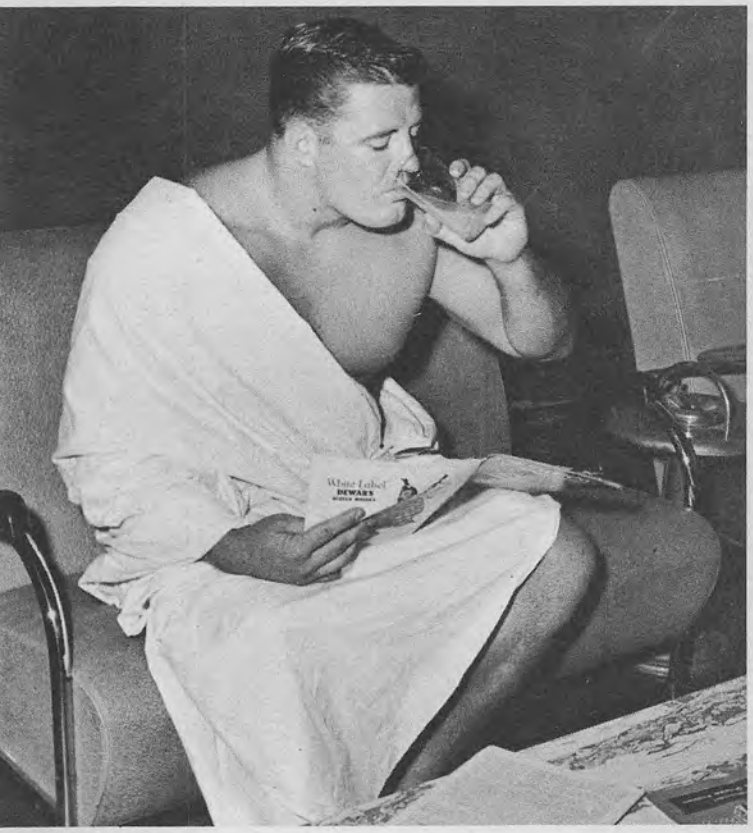
"But in the meantime, I intend to go to the top; to win the heavyweight championship of the world. No one can stop me."

The arrival of Bobby Bruns, once a great wrestler himself and now a developer of mat talent, interrupted the interview. "Time to go, Graham," he announced. "The Great Dane's already in the ring."

As he got up to leave the dressing room, Graham turned to us.

"Another blond," he gritted. "I'm going to enjoy this. And you'll see what I meant when I said I want to tear these freaks apart!"

We saw. ■



Graham sips orange juice as he relaxes in the lounge of luxurious St. Louis Athletic Club after a strenuous gym session.

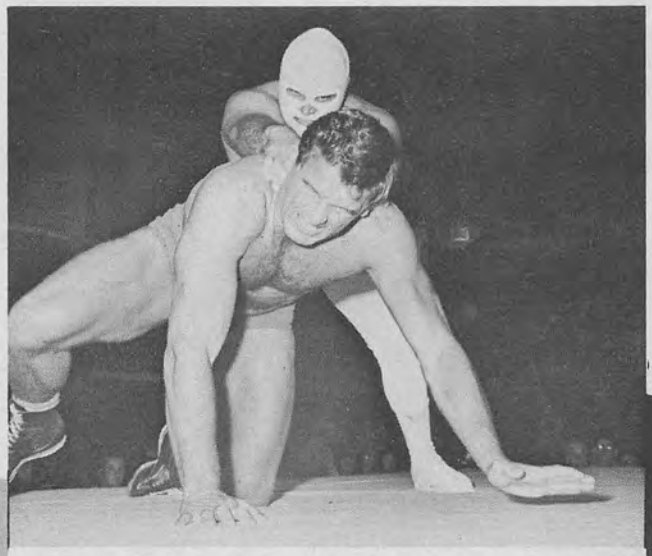
Smooth-muscled Graham, who weighs 245 pounds, dines well but wisely, avoiding fatty foods and gooey desserts.

Next to girls, sports cars are Bobby's favorite hobby. He likes to "soup up" stock models, like this sleek Karmann-Ghia convertible.

THE MYSTERIOUS MEDICS vs. WRESTLING REVUE THE WINNERS: THE MEDICS

By Bob Verlin

We did our best. We tried to find out who they are—even used trickery—but it was no use. However all was not lost. We did uncover some important clues



The bell had hardly rung when one of the Medics leaped out of his corner and pounced on unsuspecting Dale Lewis.

Their look-alikeness is a big advantage to the Mysterious Medics—especially when they want to fool the referee.

Dale Lewis strains to touch partner Miguel Garcia (background) as the Mysterious Medics gang up on him. The

MEMO TO: Stanley Weston,
Publisher WRESTLING REVUE.
FROM: Bob Verlin, Staff Photographer.
SUBJECT: The Mysterious Medics.

Dear Stan: Well, I flubbed the assignment—but good. I might as well tell you that, right from the start. No, I don't have any excuses. I finally caught up with the Mysterious Medics after chasing them thousand of miles. But I couldn't find out what you wanted and when I got through talking to them they were just as mysterious as ever. Well, almost . . . because, as clever and secretive as they are, they inadvertently left some clues to their identity.

But what a time I had! While I was sniffing along their trail, I heard all kinds of weird and confusing stories about them: that they were related to the old Medicos . . . that they were former witch doctors who had been driven out of the African jungles by irate natives . . . that they had been thrown out of a famous midwestern medical school for unorthodox experiments . . . that they had given up a lucrative Park Avenue practice because they had gotten sick of healing people . . .

masked villains kept Lewis bottled up so well that only once was he able to get assistance from his partner.

Well, take it from the Mysterious Medics themselves, these are nothing but lies. But if they're not hiding from anybody or trying to cover up their tracks, then why do they wear those grim-looking white masks? "That's a very, very personal question that we don't care to discuss," said the Medic with the Husky Voice. "Do your friends, at least, know who you are?" I asked. The Medic with the Light Voice answered this time: "The only friend we have is our banker. We don't need any others . . ."

As you can see, Stan, they weren't very cooperative. They didn't even want to tell me where they came from. "If we did that," said Husky Voice, "people might know who we are." I told them I could see that if they hailed from a small town with maybe a population of 200. But what about a place like Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia or New York? "Husky" gave me a hard look. "We don't trust nobody," he said cryptically.

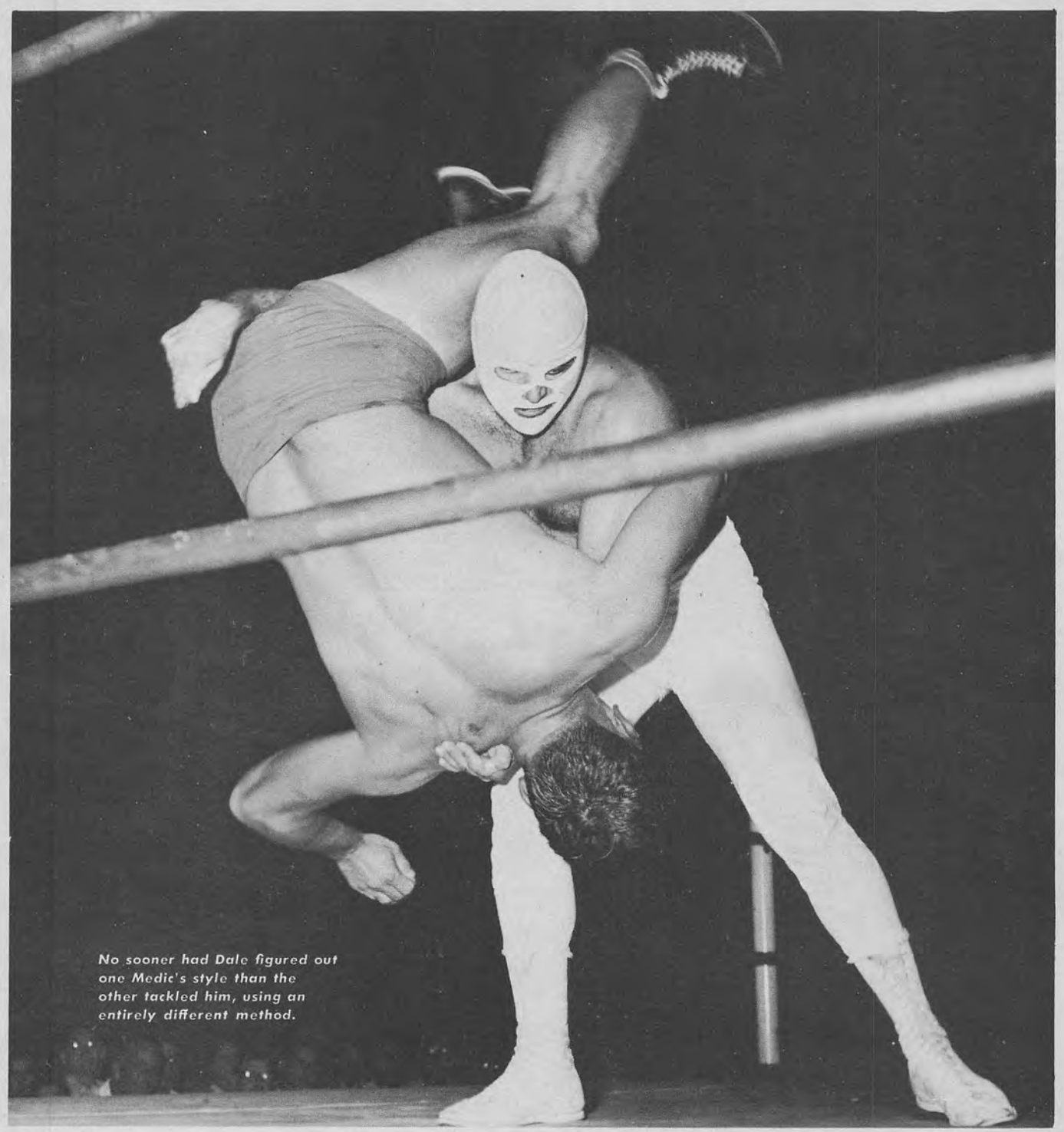
From what I had seen of the Mysterious Medics, nobody could trust them either. "A lot of people," I said, "have accused you fellows of using chloroform to soften up your opponents. Is this true?" They looked at each other in mock astonishment. "We wouldn't stoop to that," said Light Voice. "But we did learn a lot of other tricks when we were serving in the Medical Corps during the Korean war . . ."

What tricks? They weren't saying. "Well," I said, "I saw you do one trick that didn't require any medical know-how—the old switcheroo. Remember, the other night, when the referee wasn't looking and you changed places with your partner?" Light Voice nodded. "We do that all the time—and get away with it too because we look so much alike. We weight 460 pounds in all, stand 5'11½" and have the same build."

Now here's something funny, Stan. I noticed that, most of the time, the Mysterious Medics spoke slowly, carefully, enunciating each word. It was only when they got to discussing their double life that they started talking fast. And when they did that, Husky Voice revealed a trace of Southern accent while Light Voice had a slight tincture of Latin—possibly Mexican.

Husky told me he has five kids and his partner two. "Once we finish work," he said, "we forget about wrestlin'. We're completely different at home. We're just like ordinary family men. Nobody in the neighborhood knows we're the Mysterious Medics. I wish you could take pictures of our families but that would expose us. Even my own brother doesn't know I'm one of the Mysterious Medics. All he knows is that I'm a wrestler."

I admit, Stan, that the accents, the number of kids in their families and the fact that one Medic has a brother who knows he's a wrestler



No sooner had Dale figured out one Medic's style than the other tackled him, using an entirely different method.

aren't much to go on as clues. But put together with some other slender facts, they might add up to something. Like the fact that they have never wrestled in New York's Madison Square Garden.

"We're pushin' hard to get some Garden matches," said Husky. "It's impossible right now because New York doesn't allow masked wrestlers. But we hope to make it some day soon—and be the first masked tag team to appear in the Garden. Are we afraid of the big guys up there? Man, you don't really know us, do you? We're always lookin' for tougher competition. Matter of fact, we *like* the big ones better; the bigger they are the harder they fall."

I know this sounds like the usual bragging, Stan, but I've seen these fellows in action against some of the toughest boys in the Southwest and I believe it when they say: "We never give any quarter and never ask for any." They don't have any favorite holds: "We use anything—as long as we win." They scorn managers. "What do we need a manager for?" rasped Husky. "We manage ourselves. If we're in trouble in the ring, we advise each other."

It has always been that way ever since they teamed up. Husky, who had been an amateur wrestler, got his buddy interested in the sport and they turned pro after leaving the Army

After the match, the villains bragged about their "easy" win. But they didn't have clear sailing. Dale gave them some rough moments, as you can see here.

To protect their identification, the MM's often rebuff friendly fans who try to engage them in conversation.

Medical Corps. "Why did you pick him?" I asked Husky. "Simple," he said. "I worked perfectly with him from the start. We know each other's moves instinctively."

He's right, Stan. Watching them, sometimes you get the impression that one super brain is calling the signals for both of them. You don't have to guess what kind of wrestlers these boys are, Stan. They're villains through and through. I thought a mob of fans were going to tear them apart the other night. "They don't like what we do to their favorites," explained Light Voice. Had he ever been injured? "Many times. I've got 162 stitches in my body to show what they thought of me and my partner got quite a few stitches too. But we don't care. We go into the ring for only one thing—to win!"

Whether they win or lose, they invariably find the fans hot on their trail when they leave the arena. "They think we'll take off our masks," said Husky. "But we're not like other masked wrestlers. We do everything to keep our identity secret . . ."

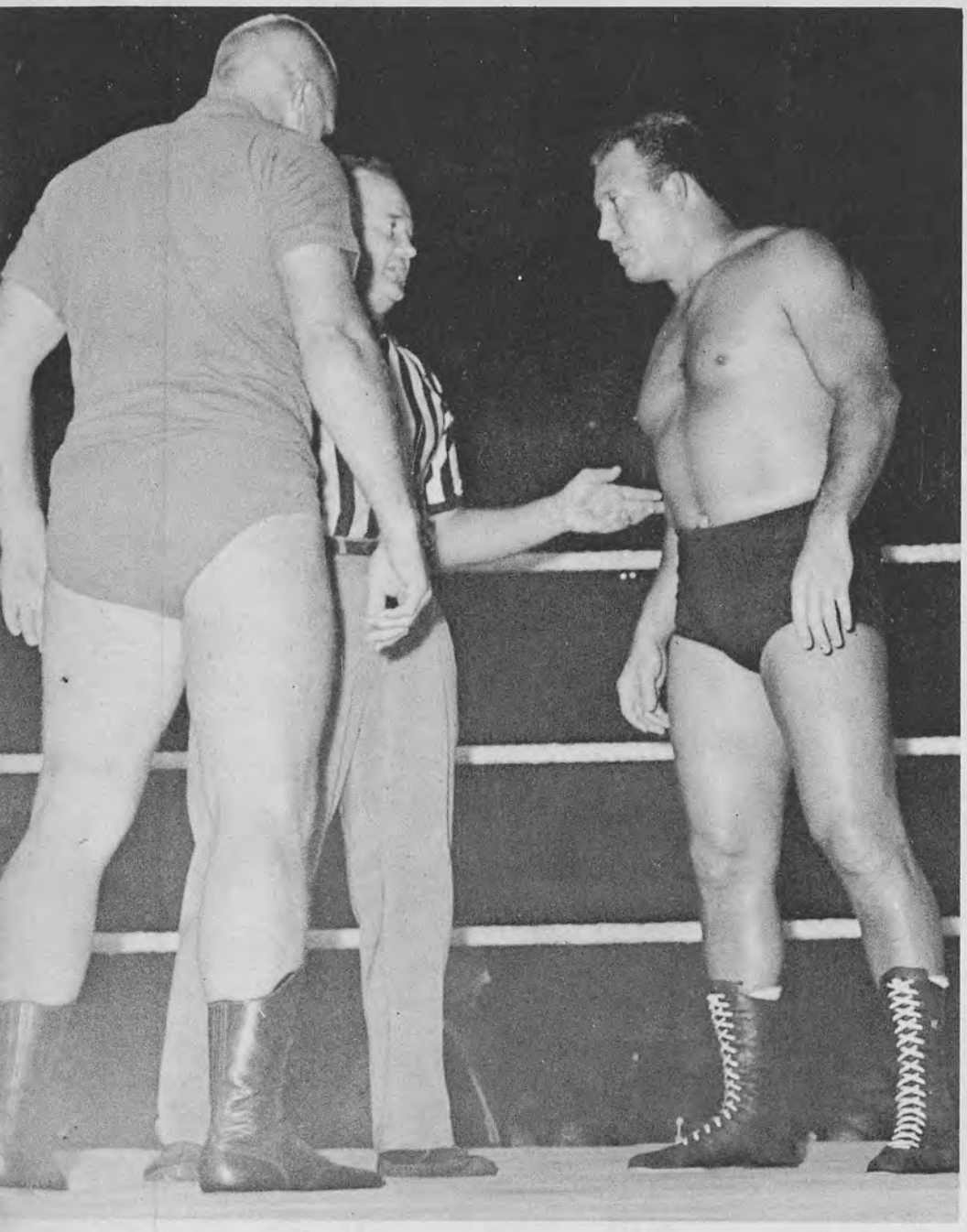
We were talking in their dressing room all this time and now the boys stripped and headed for the showers. I know what you're thinking, Stan —but they didn't do it. Nope—they kept their masks on even in the shower.

When they had briskly rubbed themselves dry, I asked if they wore the masks even while eating. That depended, they said. They didn't have anything to worry about in a strange town. But obviously if they were seen dining together without masks in a familiar area, their hulking builds would give them away. "Those fans are pretty sharp sometimes," Husky admitted.

"It must be awful going around with those things on all the time," I said. "Oh, we take 'em off occasionally," rumbled Husky. "But we gotta be careful. Let's say we stay overnight at a hotel and decide to take a stroll the next morning. If people saw us together they'd assume: 'They must be the Medics.' So we fool 'em by walking on opposite sides of the street. It's a nuisance, but you get used to it."

Well, Stan, that's my report. As I said, I never did find out who the Mysterious Medics are. Next time, why don't you give me an easy assignment—like exposing spies and saboteurs and others of that ilk? ■

WR's cameraman hopefully followed the MM's into the shower room in vain hope of catching them with their masks off.



THE NIGHT FRITZ VON ERICH EARNED A TITLE SHOT

Referee briefs Fritz Von Erich (left) and John Paul Henning on rules for "Death Match" demanded by both after they failed to settle their differences in a previous brawl.

EVEN IN REPOSE, hairy-chested, bullet-headed Fritz Von Erich conjures up a picture of menace. Mention his name to John Paul Henning and John starts to tremble. Not with fear—with rage.

And no wonder. First time they met, Von Erich nearly tore a hole in John's stomach with his lethal "claw" grip and Henning literally had to chew his way out of trouble—the only way he could avoid annihilation.

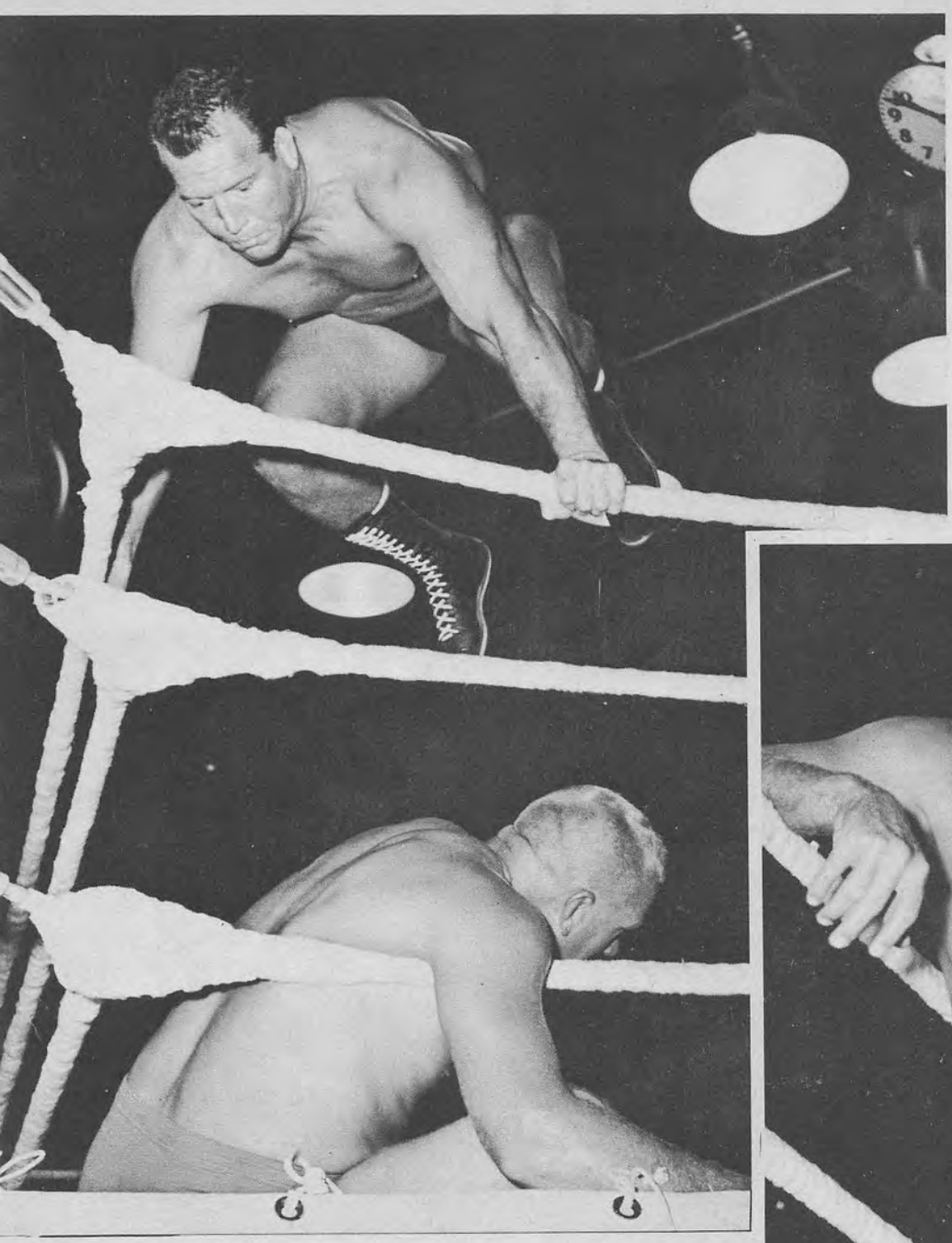
Ever since, Henning had been smoldering with resentment. "I want another crack at that big ape," he snarled. "And when I get it, I'm gonna rip his 'claw' out finger by finger."

John got his chance in St. Louis' famed Kiel Auditorium last September in a bout billed as a "Death Match." Interest in the grudge bout ran so high that by 2 P.M. the Auditorium was completely sold out.

For a while that night, it appeared that Henning would make good on his boast. He hammered Fritz almost at will, flipping him out of the ring again and again and stomping him on the concrete floor.

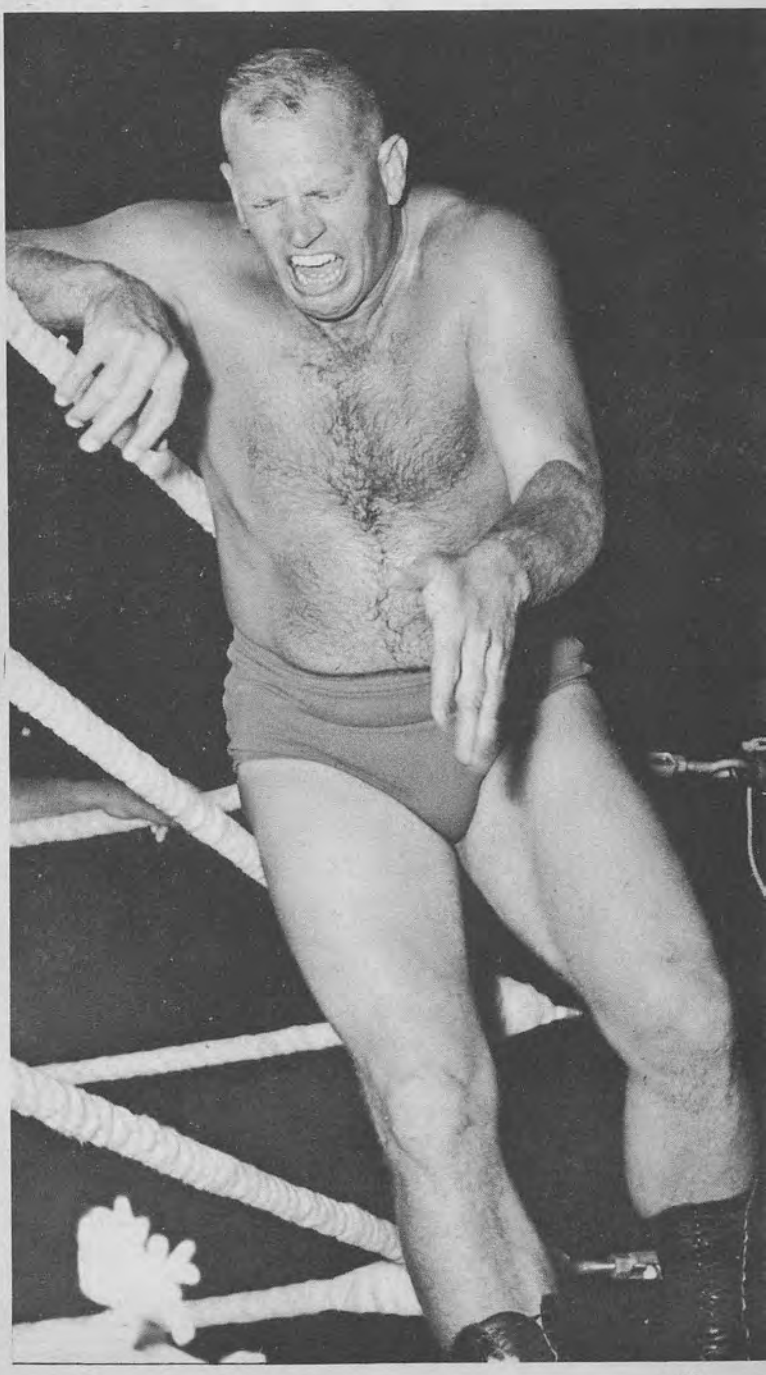
Then Von Erich cut loose. He dumped John out of the ring and, when Henning struggled back, slammed him onto the ring apron. John, his nose broken by the fall, staggered back, gushing blood.

Von Erich increased the flow by applying his "claw" to Henning's face. Blinded by his own



In early stages of the match, ex-Navy frogman Henning torpedoed Von Erich almost at will, often dumped him out of the ring in an effort to cripple Fritz's "Claw."

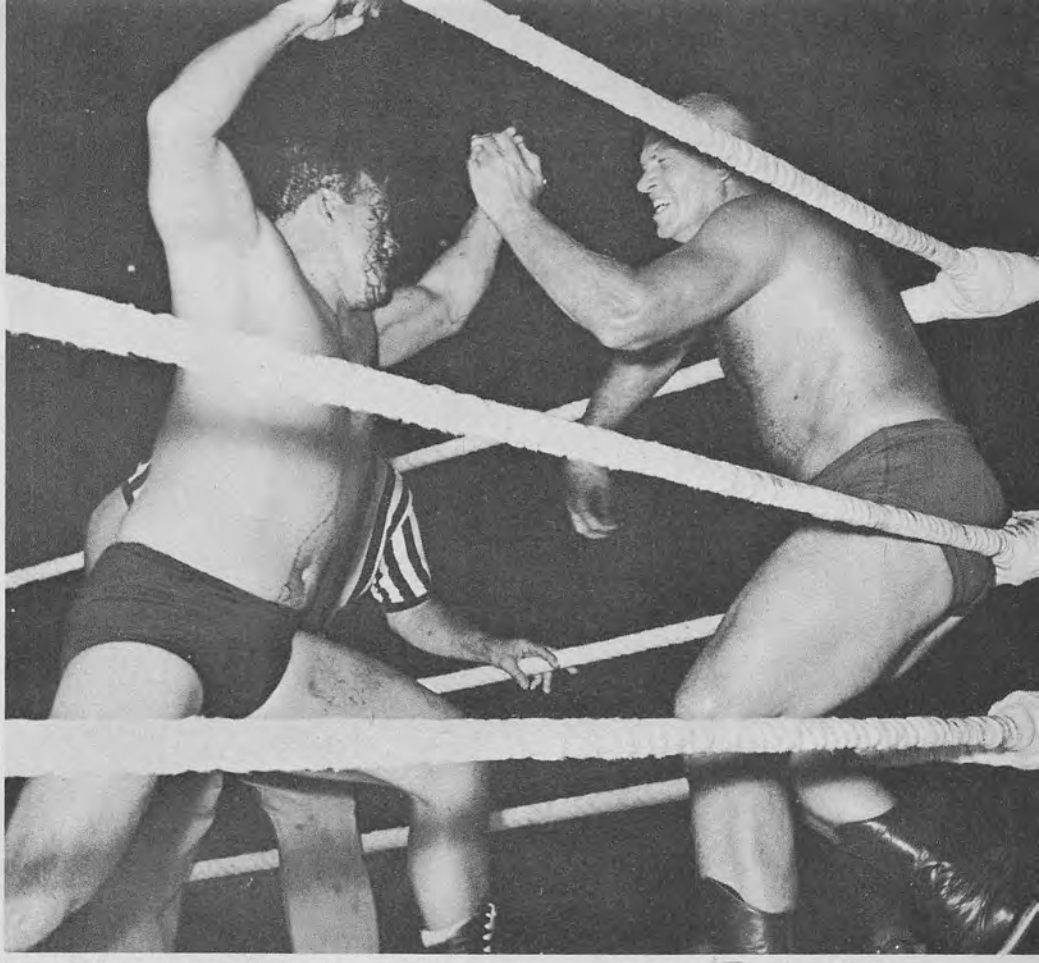
Henning finally succeeded in injuring Von Erich's hand and the big German grimaces with pain as he hangs on to the ropes. But Fritz was lucky—it wasn't his "Claw" hand.



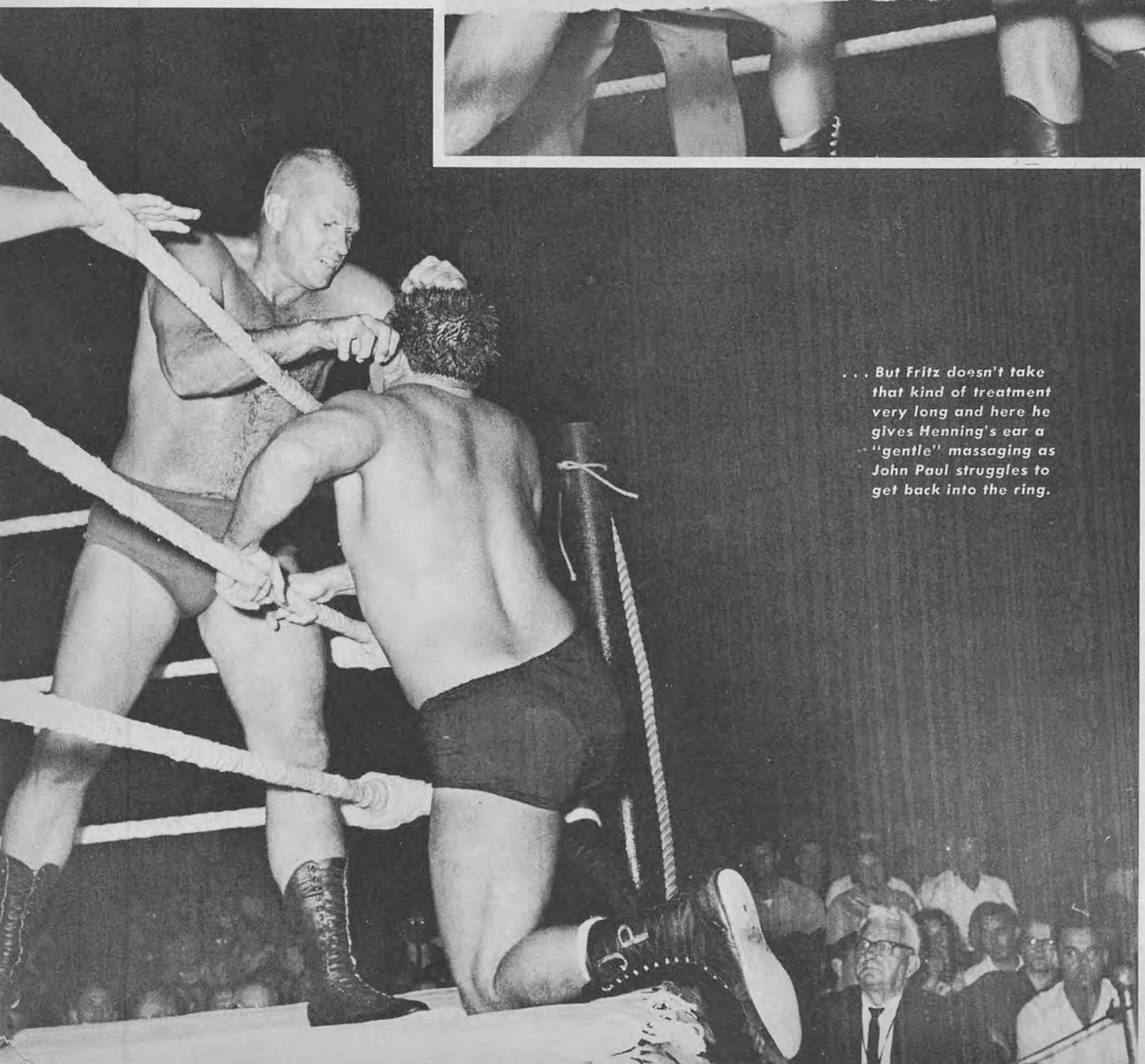
blood, John reeled all over the mat, followed relentlessly by the big German. The match now turned into sheer slaughter and the fans yelled: "Stop it! Stop it!"

When it finally was stopped, Henning registered the loudest protest of all: "Why did they stop it? I wasn't hurt—just a little blood." Von Erich sneered: "Just a little blood? He was drowning in it."

There was an evil grin on Fritz's face as he stalked off. For this was the night he earned a shot at Lou Thesz's world title. For a dramatic account of *that* match, see the January issue of BOXING ILLUSTRATED. *See next page*



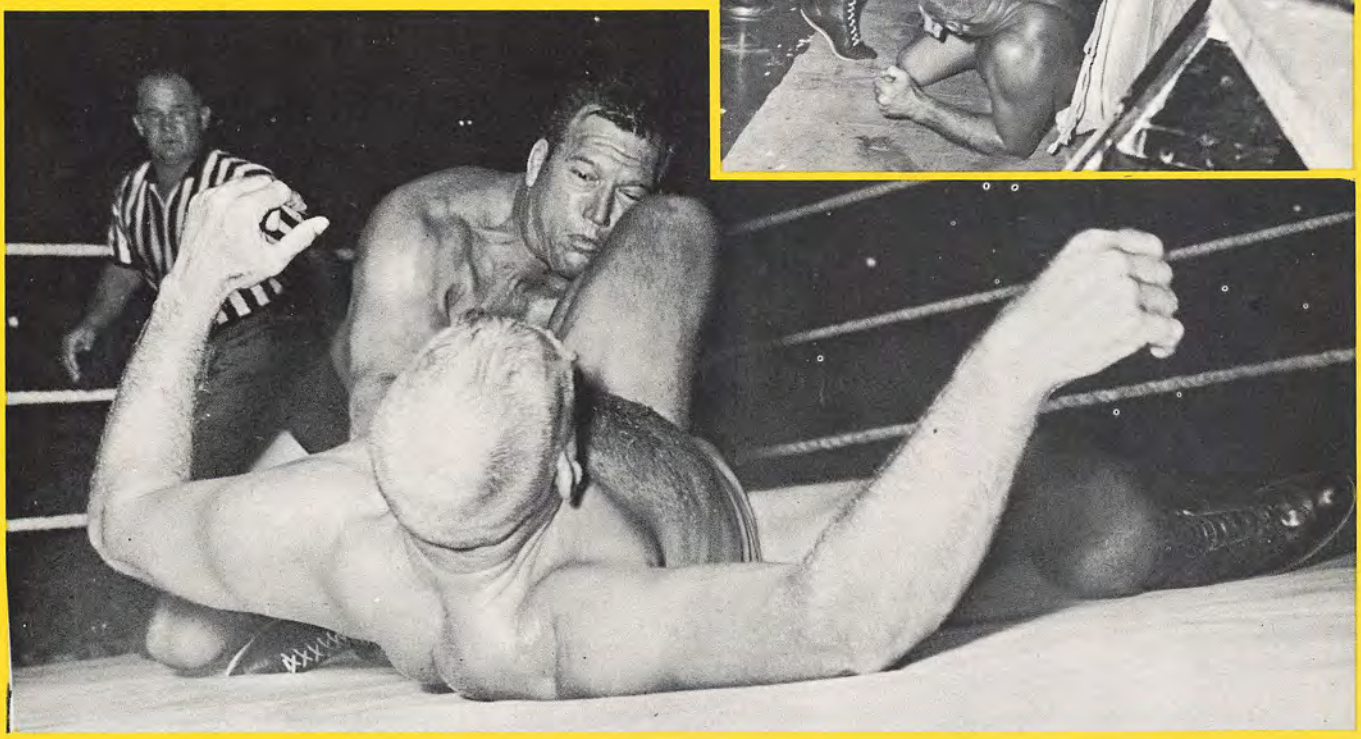
As the match warmed up, Fritz (right) started slamming back. After gouging Henning's eyes, Von Erich hurled him to the ring apron. John came down face first, breaking his nose. With blood gushing all over him, Henning scrambled back, bulled Fritz into a corner and whaled away . . .



. . . But Fritz doesn't take that kind of treatment very long and here he gives Henning's ear a "gentle" massaging as John Paul struggles to get back into the ring.

John didn't appreciate the massage at all and demonstrates his displeasure by squashing Von Erich after blasting him out of the ring. Then, displaying unexpected chivalry, he let Fritz off the hook.

It was only temporary, though. John wanted to get Fritz back into the ring, where he could really work on him. Look at those muscles strain as he applies pressure on Fritz's leg.



Henning, who protested he was "just getting started" when the bout was stopped, gets a big hand from his admirers.

Though gory and battered, the kneeling Henning is still full of vinegar, refuses to obey referee's order to quit.

WWF

BRUNO SAMMARTINO

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 16

WRESTLING FANS!

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NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

EL PASO (Correspondent: LYNN BURKETT) . . . World heavyweight champ Lou Thesz won over Rito Romero. Gory Guerrero pinned Ali Bey. The Mad Mongol and Juan Garcia topped Nikita Mulkevich and Joe Turco. Paul Harrison over Omar Atlas. Girls: June Byers was too much for Millie Stafford.

SUNNYSIDE, N. Y. (Correspondent: PAT STIGLIANI) . . . Antonino Rocca tossed Jose Romano. Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson licked Angelo Martinelli and Jesse James. Joe Lopez lost to Pepe Figueroa. Ramon Crespo over Jaime Del Valle. Isaac Rosario whipped Miguel Comacho. Gino Lanza triumphed over Gene Anderson.

ATLANTA (Correspondent: FRED CANNON) . . . Tarzan Tyler and Lenny Montana outlasted the Von Brauners. Chief Little Eagle scalped Marcus Godo. Timmy Geohagen and Felix Godo drew. Joe Scarpa was beaten by the Outlaw.

VANCOUVER, B. C. (Correspondent: W. R. HATCHER) . . . Kinji Shibuya threw Gene Kiniski. "Whipper" Billy Watson won by disqualification over Sweet Daddy Siki. Mr. Kleen mopped up Bob "Viking" Morse. Tex McKenzie defeated Luis Mayo. Ron Etchison drew with Roy McClarty. Seymour Koenig was beaten by Dan Miller.

JERSEY CITY (Correspondent: DAVID KARP) . . . Gorilla Monsoon won on disqualification over Bruno Sammartino. Bobo Brazil, Dory Dixon and Lucas Pestano won over the Kangaroos and Hans Mortier. The Shadow was blotted out by Edouard Carpentier. Tim Woods pinned Jim Siskay. The Great Malenko tossed Arnold Skaoland. Skull Murphy lost on disqualification to Pedro Morales. Brute Bernard drew with Tony Manous. Vittorio Apollo beat Magnificent Maurice. Midgets: Sonny Boy Cassidy and Pancho Lopez whipped Fuzzy Cupid and Vito Gonzalez.

SEATTLE (Correspondent: C. N. BOWEN) . . . The Destroyer-Shag Thomas bout called "no contest." Maurice Vashon over Gil Hilo Ane. Soldat Gorky bowed to Abe Jacobs. Tony Borne drew with Danny Hodge. Art Mahalik beat Bill Savage.

EDMONTON, CANADA (Correspondent: AL VOGLER) . . . Taro Myaki, The Manchurian and Dave Ruhl lost to the Scott brothers and Rocky Columbo. Ivan Volkoff defeated Ricky Waldo. Girls: Betty Ann Spencer and Madge Robinson won over Sweet Georgia Brown and Diana Beman. Other Edmonton results: Rocky Columbo won on disqualification over Taro Myaki. George and Sandy Scott conquered Bruiser Shields and Ivan Volkoff. Haystack Calboun squashed Dave Ruhl and Jack Terry. The Manchurian tossed Sonny Pascua. Girls: Maria Garcia won Battle Royal over Diana Beman, Betty Ann Spencer, Olga Martinez, Madge Robinson and Sweet Georgia Brown.

CHINLE, ARIZ. (Correspondent: JOHN D. WALLACE) . . . Leon Kirilenko dropped Alex Perez. Gentleman Ed Sharpe was too sharp for Tretcher Phillips. Midgets: Pancho Diaz won over Tiny Roe.

TORONTO . . . Johnny Valentine over John Paul Henning. The Beast and The Destroyer drew with Seaman Thomas and Jim Hady. Lorenzo Parente stretched Mike Valentino. The Great Mephisto topped Ox Anderson. Fred Atkins drew with Tony Marino.

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

"THE LISTENING POST"

Handsome DOUG GILBERT taking Minnesota by storm. A truly gifted wrestler with an enormous following. Doug holds victories over Pat O'Connor, Bob Geigel and the great Verne Gagne.

Around Iowa the big noise is a monster of a man billed "THE MONGOL." Before a mu

Another Regular

MONTHLY FEATURE

that has captivated the wrestling world is that delightfully informative bundle of facts and rumors published under the heading "Listening Post." Read it once and we guarantee that you'll never miss it again. It can be found ONLY in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS, naturally.

"M". Thus we were not as crazy as it might have appeared. e were, you see, TWO Mr. "M's" wrestling in different lities a short time ago.

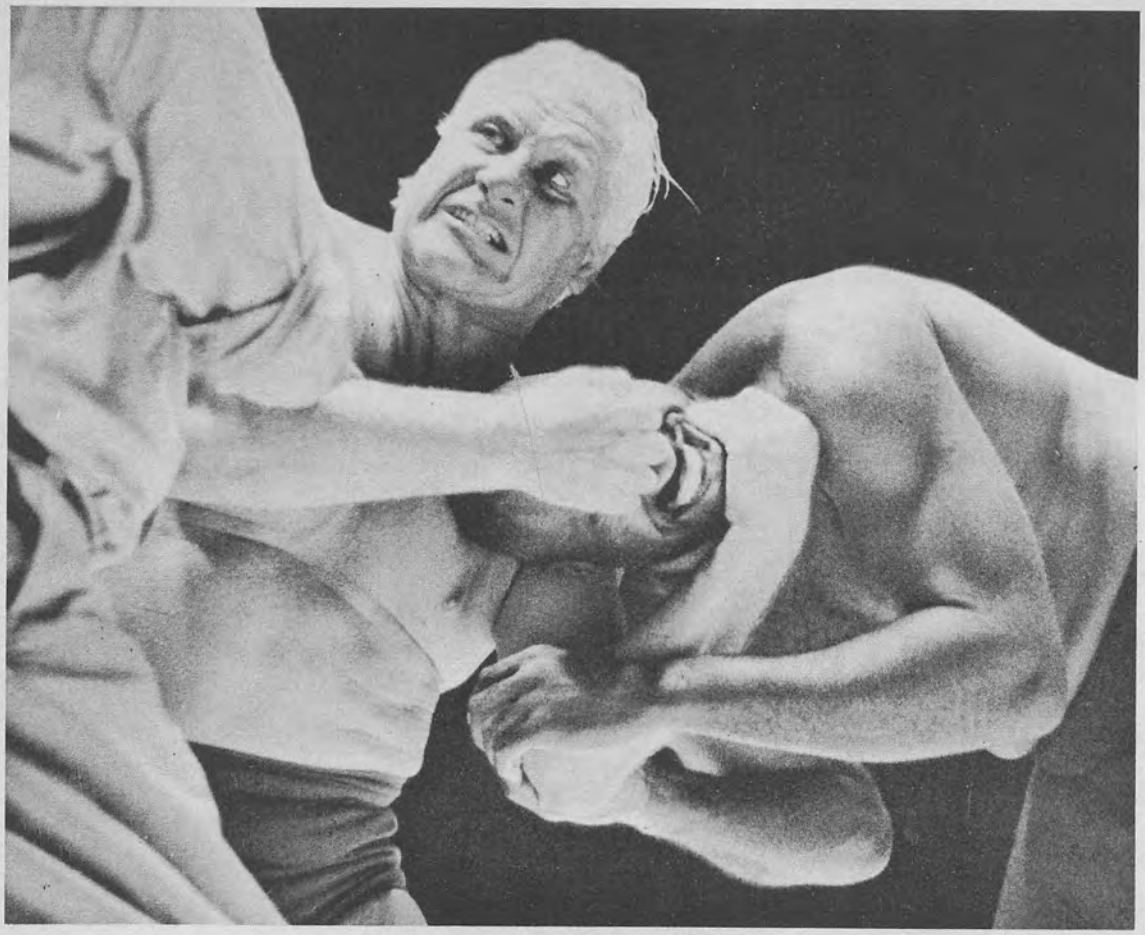
WRESTLING REVUE BONUS

AROUND THE MAT CIRCUITS

★ San Diego ★ El Paso ★
★ Houston ★

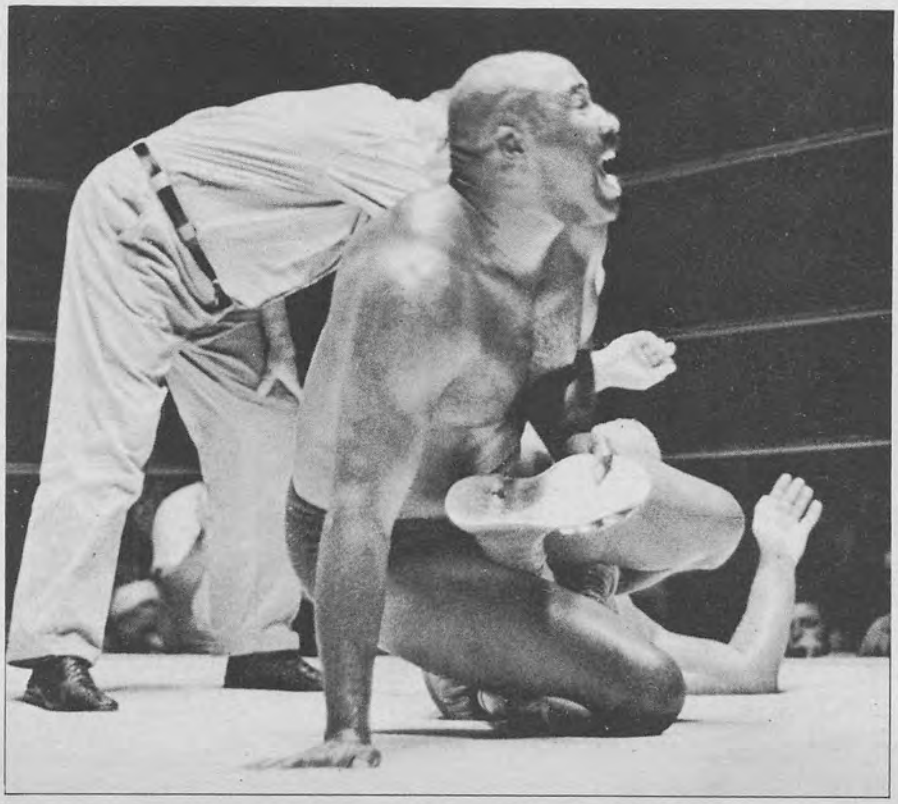
THE STARS:

Fred Blassie
Bearcat Wright
Red Bastine
Pancho Lopez
Don Leo Jonathan
Hercules Cortez
Billy Varga
Steve Stanlee
Fritz Von Goering
Vic Christy
Mr. Moto
El Toro
Ali Bey
Gory Guerrero
Lou Thesz
June Byers
Millie Stafford



Fred Blassie growls "Get lost!" to the referee as he prepares to peel back the skin on Bearcat Wright's face. The referee warned Blassie repeatedly about foul tactics but Fred ignored him and finally applied a body press to win the first fall.

BOOMING SAN



Infuriated by knee drops to his throat, Wright whipped into Blassie and nailed him in a painful leg-lock. Fred's face turned purple as he strained to break the hold. But Wright kept putting on pressure, then forced Blassie to submit with a figure-four scissors.

SAN DIEGO, a fashionable town dotted with pastel-colored stucco homes, is enjoying a phenomenal boom these days — and we're not referring to the pulsing activity at its jet aircraft factories, nor its sprawling Navy and Marine base. The boom is in wrestling, which has been whipping up more enthusiasm than a bevy of high-stepping strippers handing out $1,000 bills.

For thousands of aficionados, Friday night at the Coliseum is the biggest night of the week. Lured by top performers and sizzling action, they swarm in faithfully to root, jeer, howl, scream and stomp. The matches are so popular that many are turned away—a crushing disappointment equivalent to losing a 70 to 1 shot by a nag's nose.

Typical of the Coliseum's crowd-pleasing cards was the riotous show last October, when Bearcat Wright pinned Fred Blassie in a blistering main event, that saw the referee knocked cold.

In the third fall, Bearcat waded into Blassie with everything he had, whomping him across the ring with body blows.

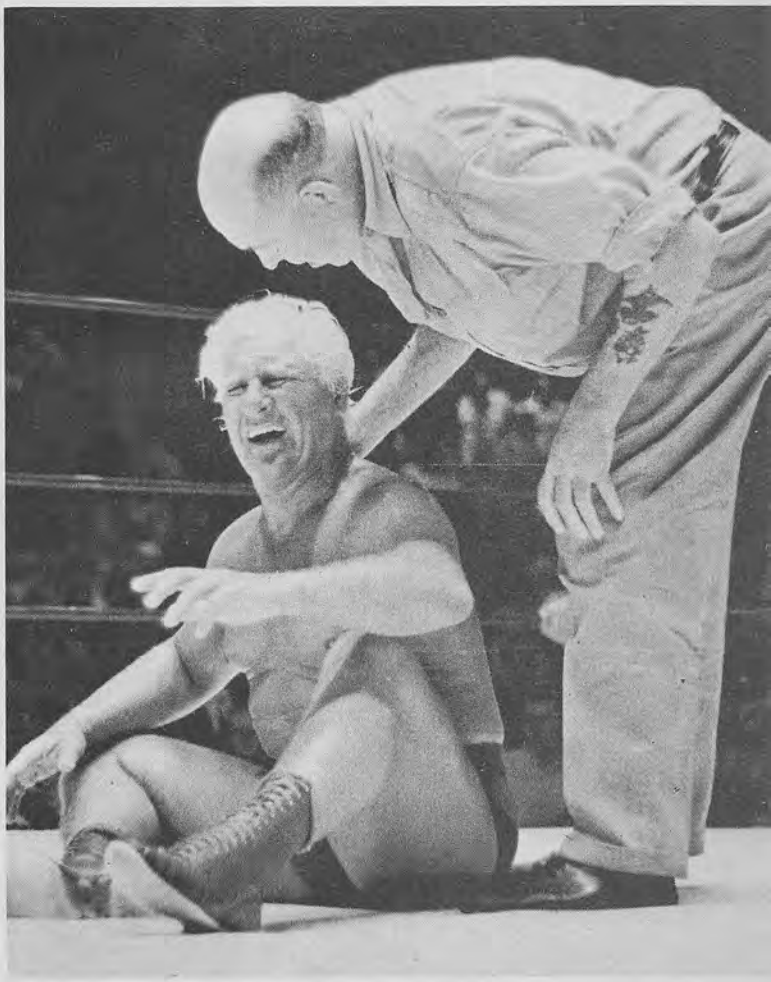
DIEGO

Blassie won the first fall after gouging Bearcat's eyes and softening him for a body press with brutal knee drops to the throat.

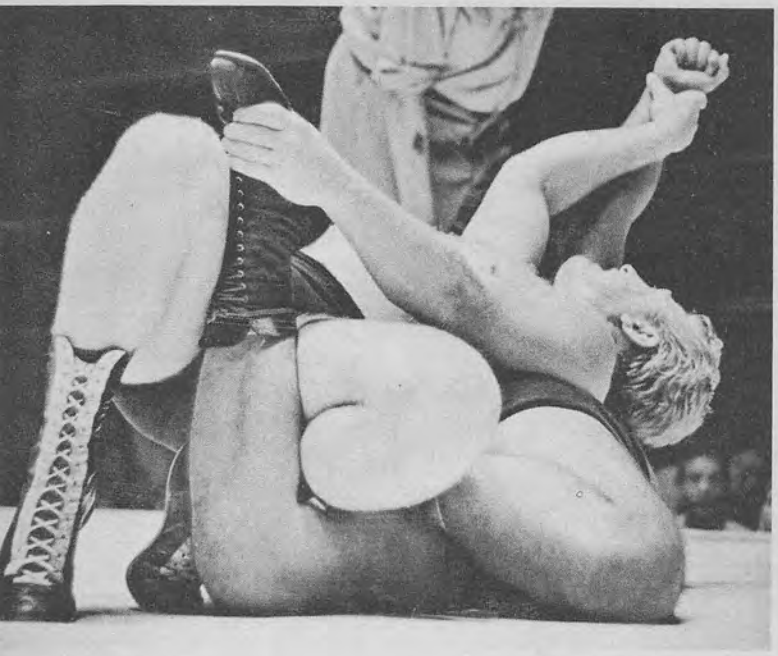
Wright stormed back to take the second fall with a figure-four scissors. But both sessions, as wild as they were, appeared tame compared to the violent action in the third fall. During one melee, the referee was battered senseless when Bearcat rushed Blassie for the final pin. What happened next turned the arena into pandemonium.

While aiding the referee, Bearcat was fouled and then pinned by Blassie. At that point, the referee came to and awarded the match to Blassie. The crowd's protest was deafening. Finally the confused official, told that Bearcat had already made the deciding pin, reversed his decision. The matches were equally exciting, as the exclusive photos on these pages show.

See next page



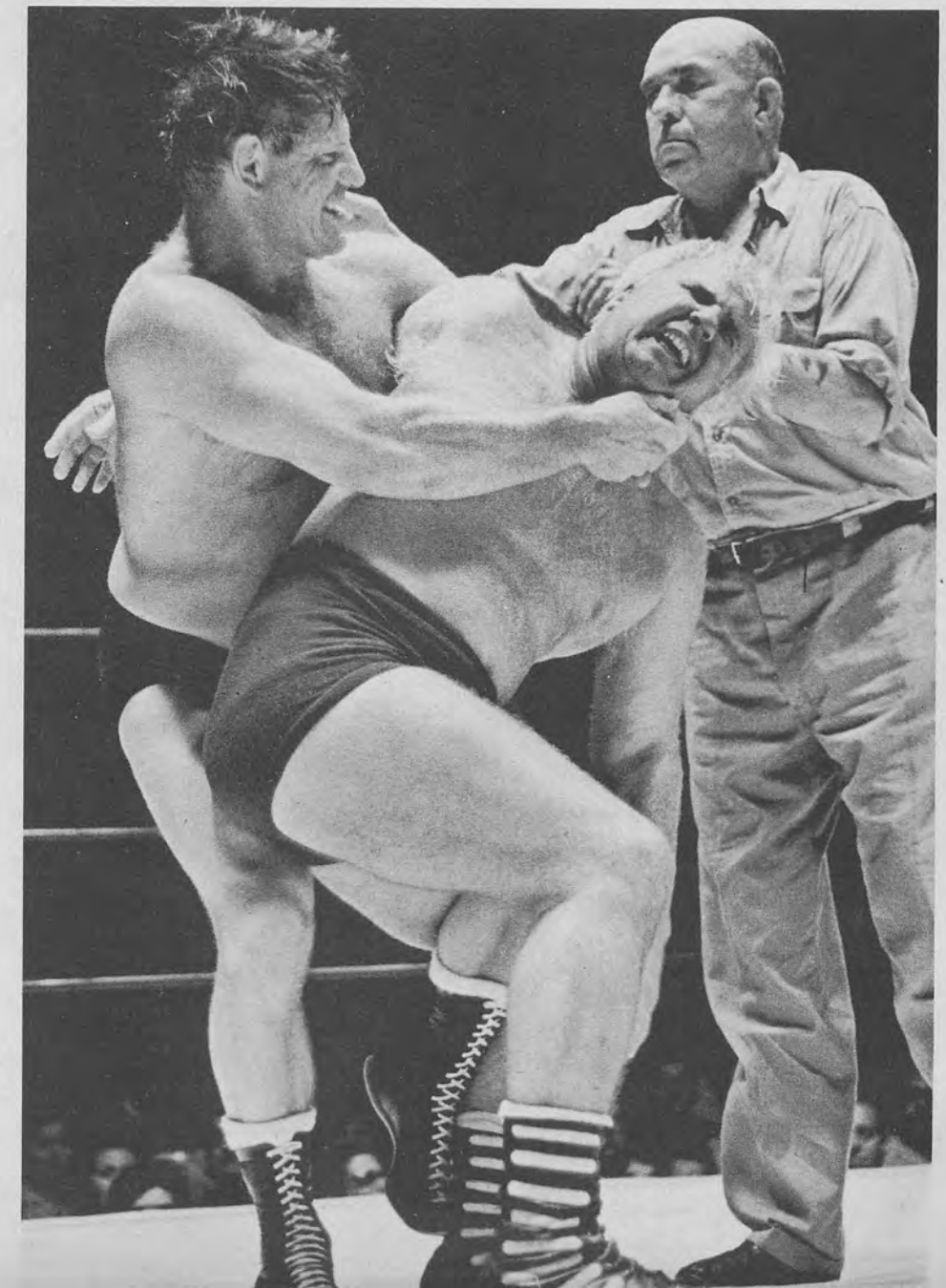
Blassie, who had been using all kinds of dirty tricks, complains to the referee about Bearcat's "foul" tactics.

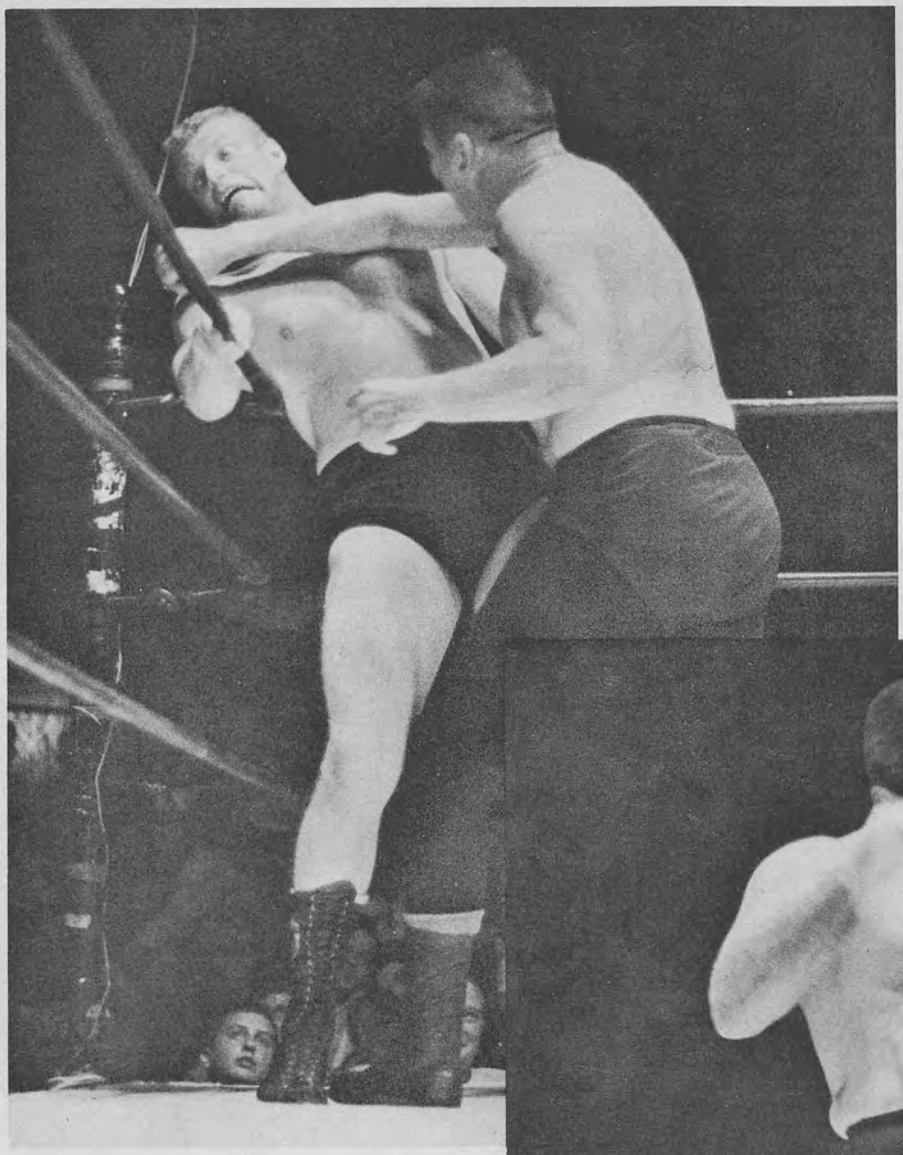


Who's on top? Red Bastine. But most of the time it was hard to tell as Red and Pancho Lopez, looking like entwined pretzels, twisted and turned in torrid tag match pitting Bastine and Mr. Moto against Pancho and El Toro. Red and Mr. Moto won by out-twisting—and out-slugging—their rivals.

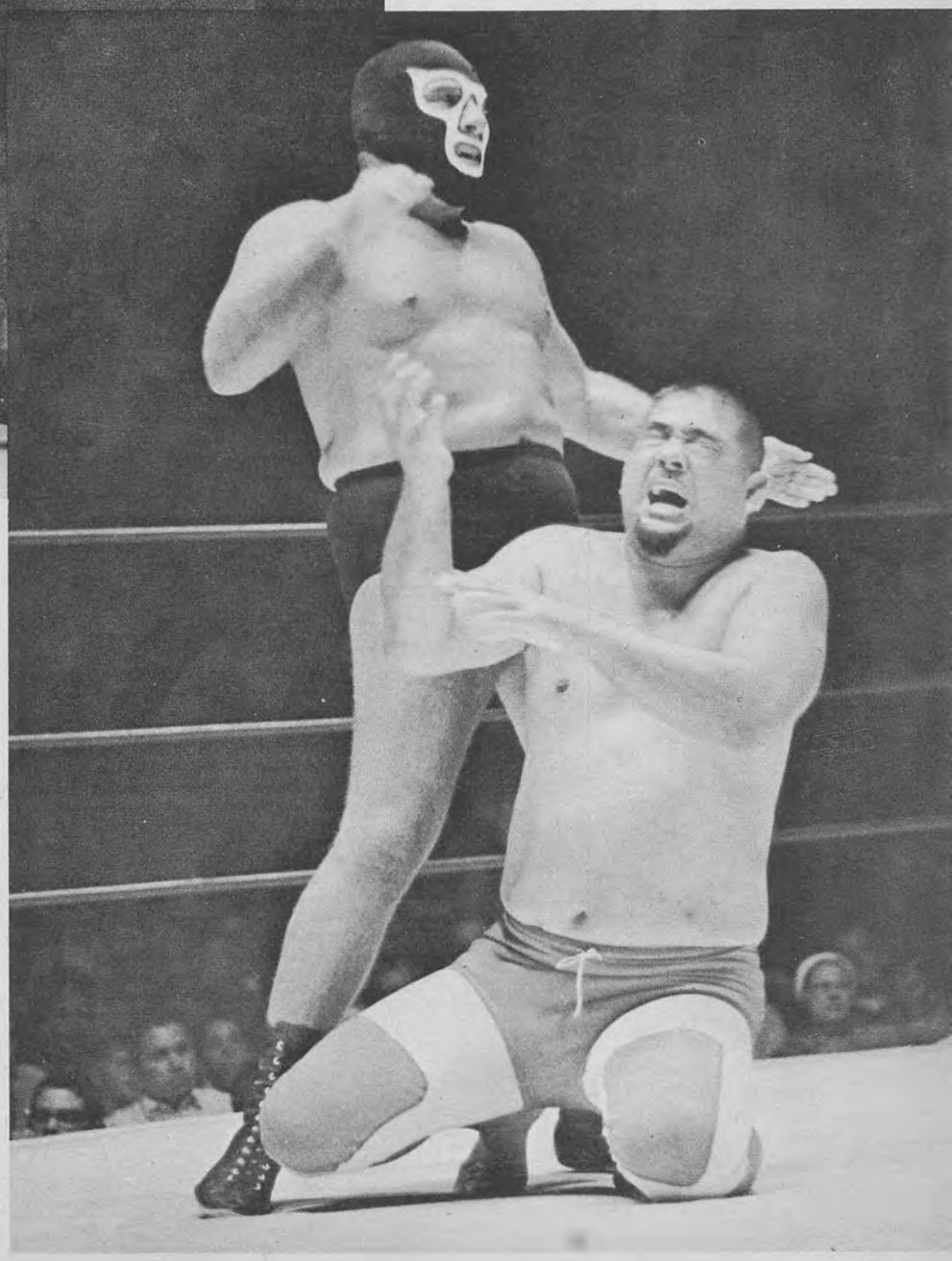
Upper right: Don Leo Jonathan (striped trunks) doesn't look like a winner as Hercules Cortez slams him across the ropes. But Don can absorb an awful lot of punishment and bounce back—and he did just that to pin his enraged rival.

It's obvious that Steve Stanlee is in agony as Count Billy Varga sends sparks of pain shooting through his neck. But does the Count care? You wouldn't think so from the look of relish on his face. Billy used an abdominal split and a body press to win the two-out-of-three falls match.



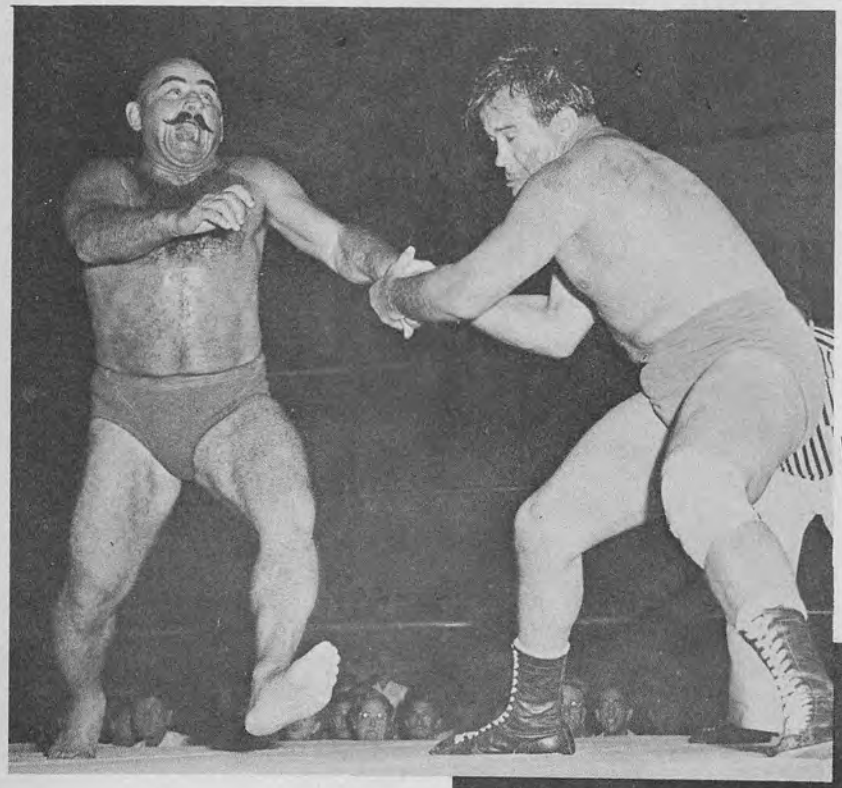


Gouged, kneed and elbowed by Fritz von Goering, Vic Christy bounces back and contorts Fritz's face with a smashing right after trapping him in a corner. Goering took this lambasting for a while, then hammered his opponent with sledge-hammer blows climaxed by his famed "Stomach Claw." Vic gasped and went numb.

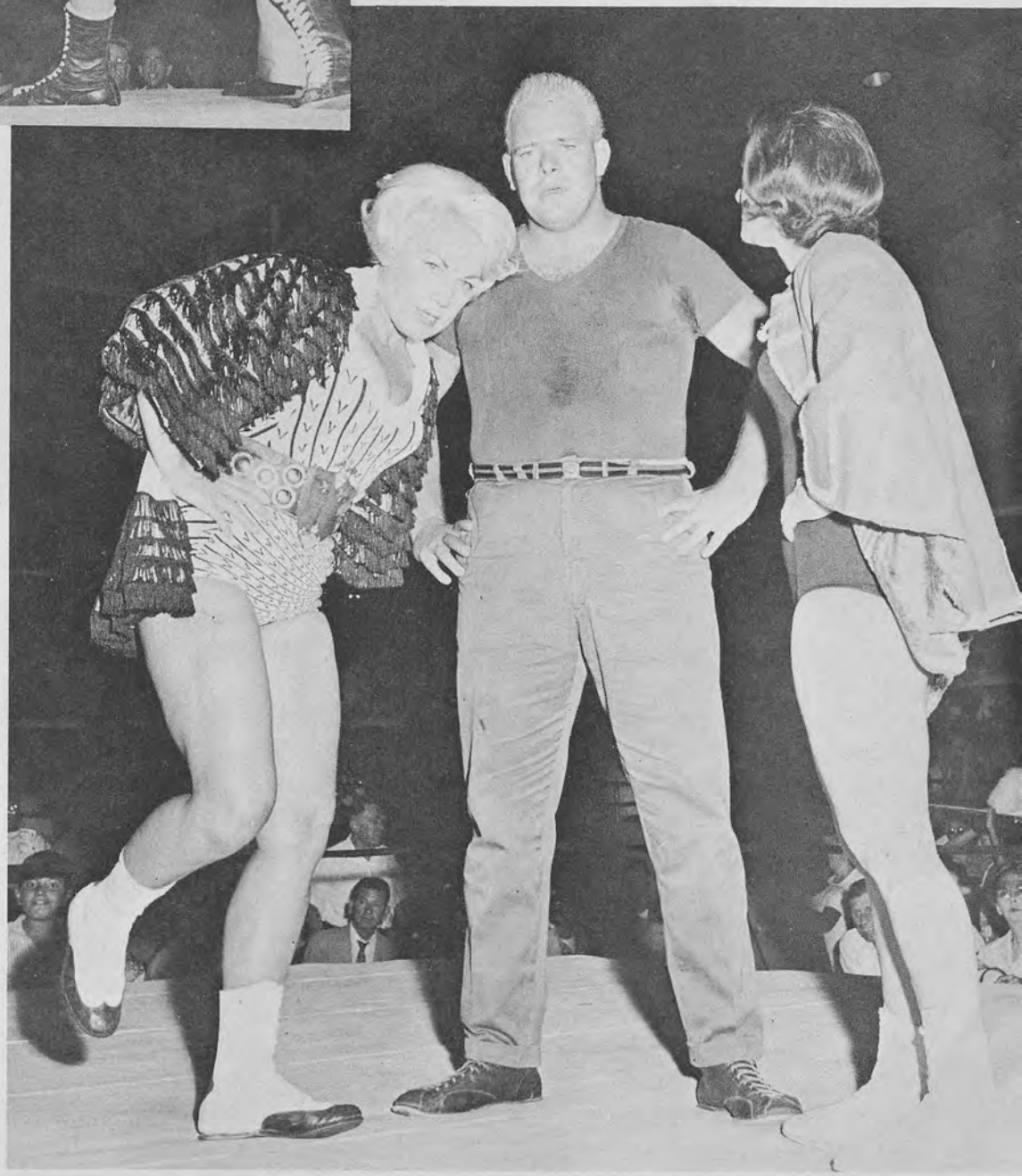


Grimacing with pain, Mr. Moto sinks to his knees after taking a slug in the belly from El Toro in furious tag match. But El Toro got his moments later when Mr. Moto's partner, Red Bastine, put him out of commission with a flying drop and a body press.

EL PASO, TEXAS



Gory Guerrero gives Ali Bey something to howl about as he braces for a pinwheel that will send Ali hurtling back to Turkey. Gory won the grudge match after a hectic session punctuated by kicking, clawing and punching.



"Yeah, June!" scream the fans and June Byers (left) does a little curtsy before tearing into Millie Stafford. June downed her rugged opponent only after exerting herself to the limit.

World champion Lou Thesz gets a big play from the small fry before taking on Rito Romero. Savage match had an abrupt ending.

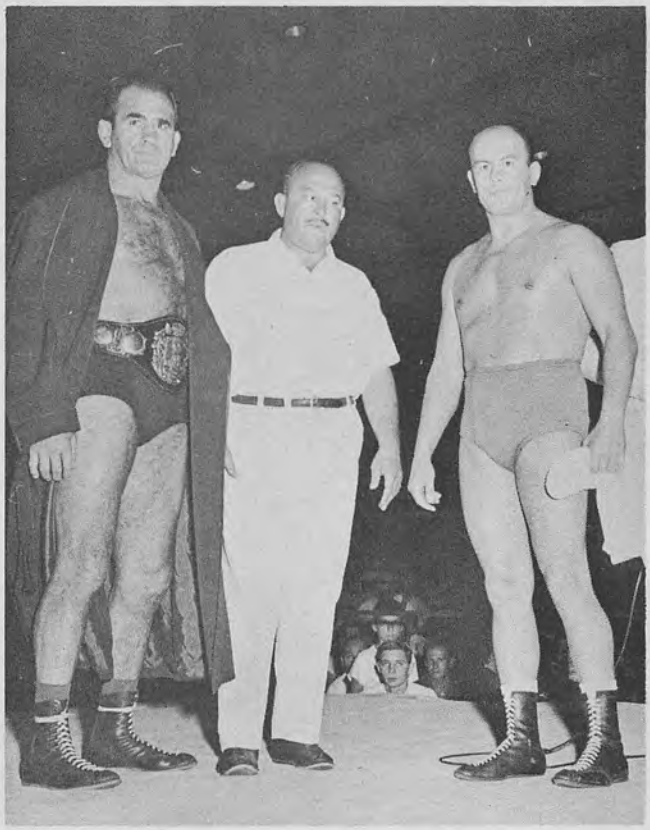
STUDYING THE COLOR POSTERS announcing their all-star show in El Paso, Texas, officials of International Wrestling Enterprises nodded with satisfaction. "That ought to bring 'em in," said one, referring to the topflight lineup. He was right. More than 7,000 rabid fans streamed into the border city's Coliseum to view world champions Lou Thesz and June Byers and a veritable parade of other headliners. It was one of the greatest turnouts in El Paso's history and the performers, returning the tribute, put on a sensational show.

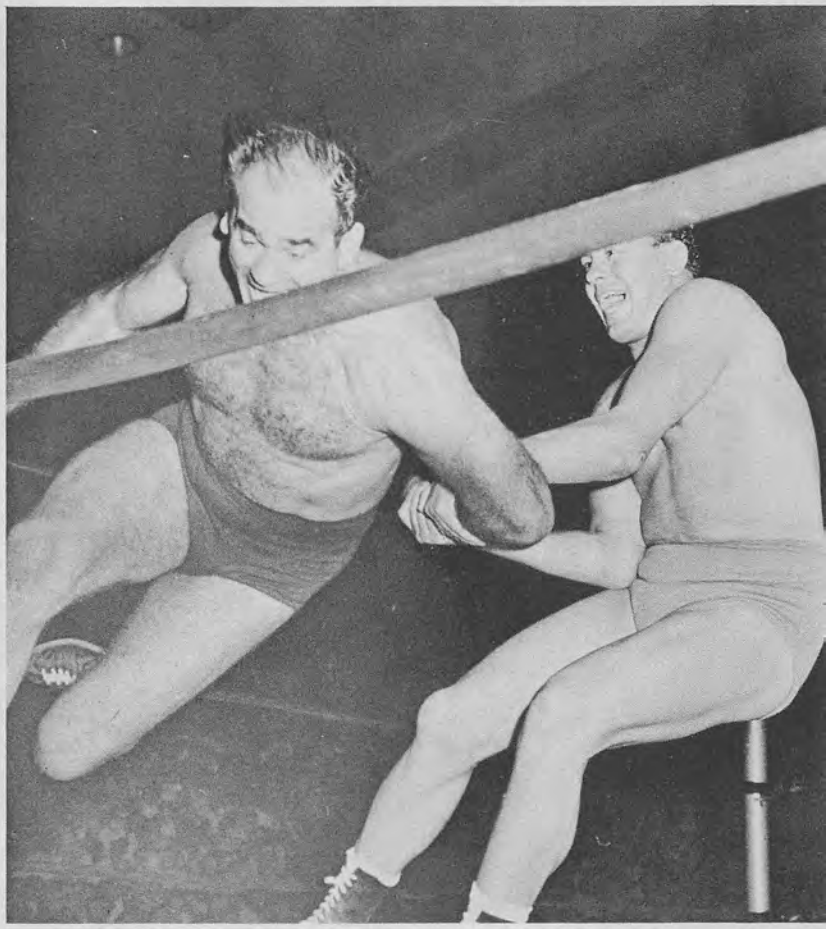
So sensational, in fact, that it was difficult to pick any one bout and say with certainty: "That was the most terrific match of the evening." There was no doubt, though, that the Lou Thesz-Rito Romero title match was the big draw. The fans went wild during the third and deciding fall when the contestants collided with such force that they knocked each other cold and were counted out. Under the rules, Thesz retained his crown.

Topping the card in eye appeal, of course, was the June Byers-Millie Stafford bout. Blonde-haired June, looking as attractive as ever, had a rough time trying to down Millie in the one-fall match. But after 20 minutes of torrid action, she finally succeeded with her famed "Byers Bridge."

In other events, light heavyweight Gory Guerrero, making a comeback, battered Ali Bey in a grudge match notable for its kicking, clawing and punching. The one-fall tag team bout, featuring popular Juan Garcia and the Mad Mongol against villains Nikita Mulkevich and Joe Turco, sizzled for 32 minutes before Garcia and Mongol triumphed. All in all, a very memorable evening. . . .

See next page



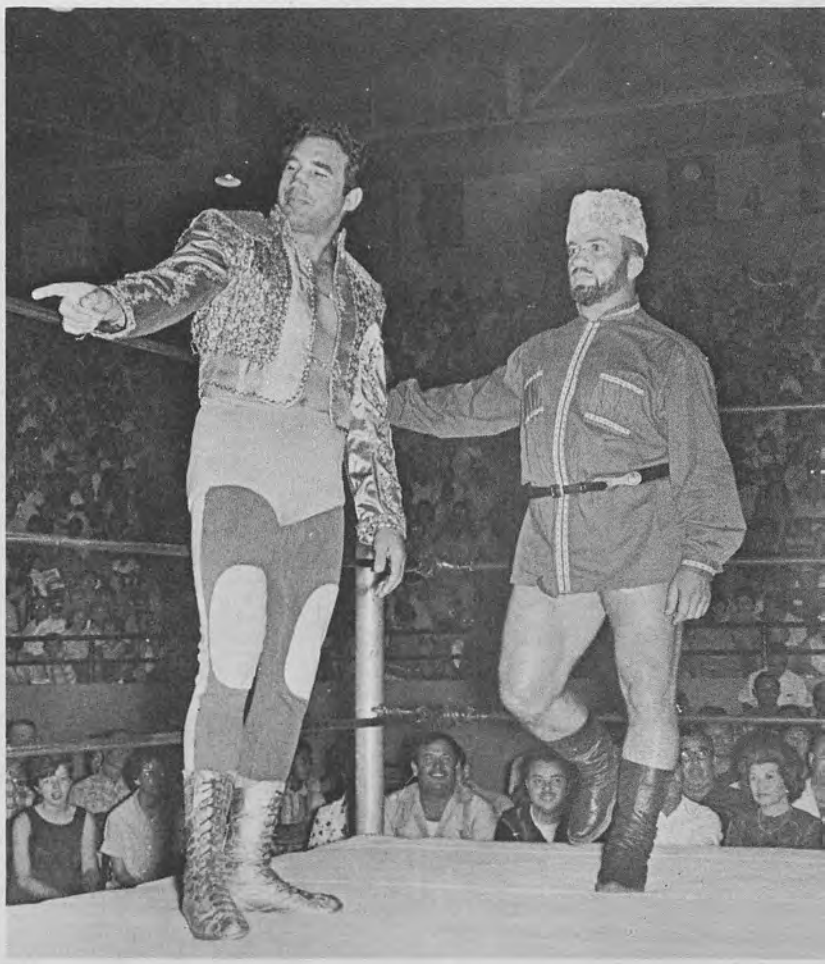


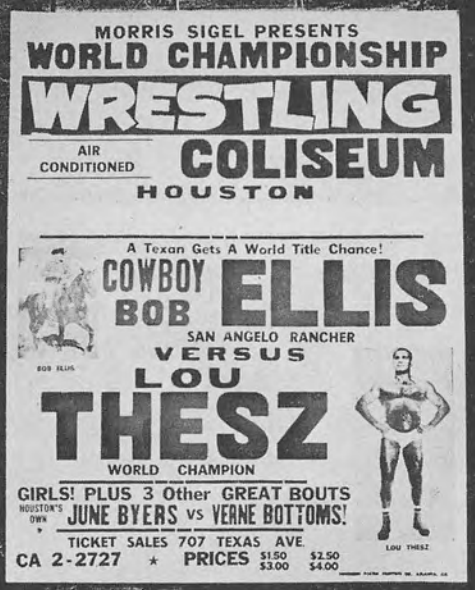
In Rito (right), Thesz faced an opponent who had once licked him by disqualification before Lou became champ.

Top right: Rito slams Lou to mat a moment before the great collision. Both were knocked out—and counted out.

Lower right: Joe Turco (pointing) and Nikita Mulkevich used every foul trick they knew in a wild battle with . . .

. . . The Mad Mongol and Juan Garcia, but they were unable to cope with the speed and science of the favorites.



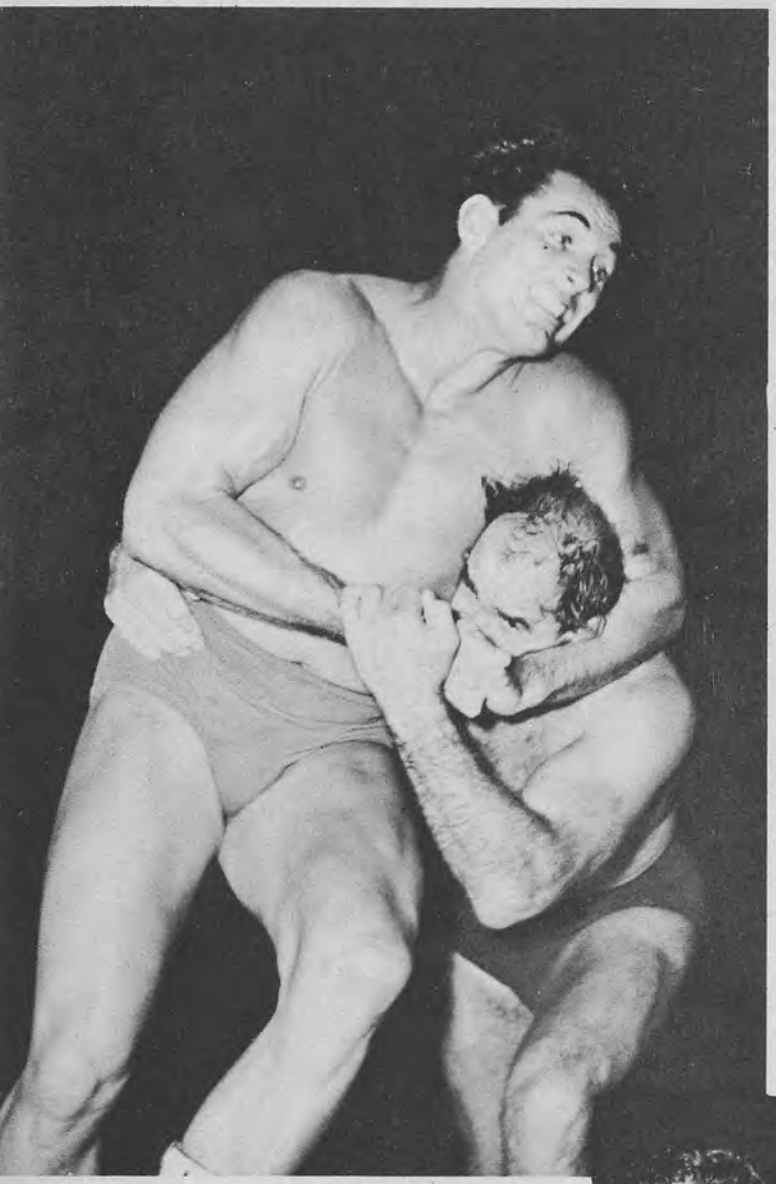


Texans didn't need a poster to lure 'em into the Coliseum when their hero, Cowboy Ellis, got a crack at Thesz's title.

TITLE MATCH IN HOUSTON

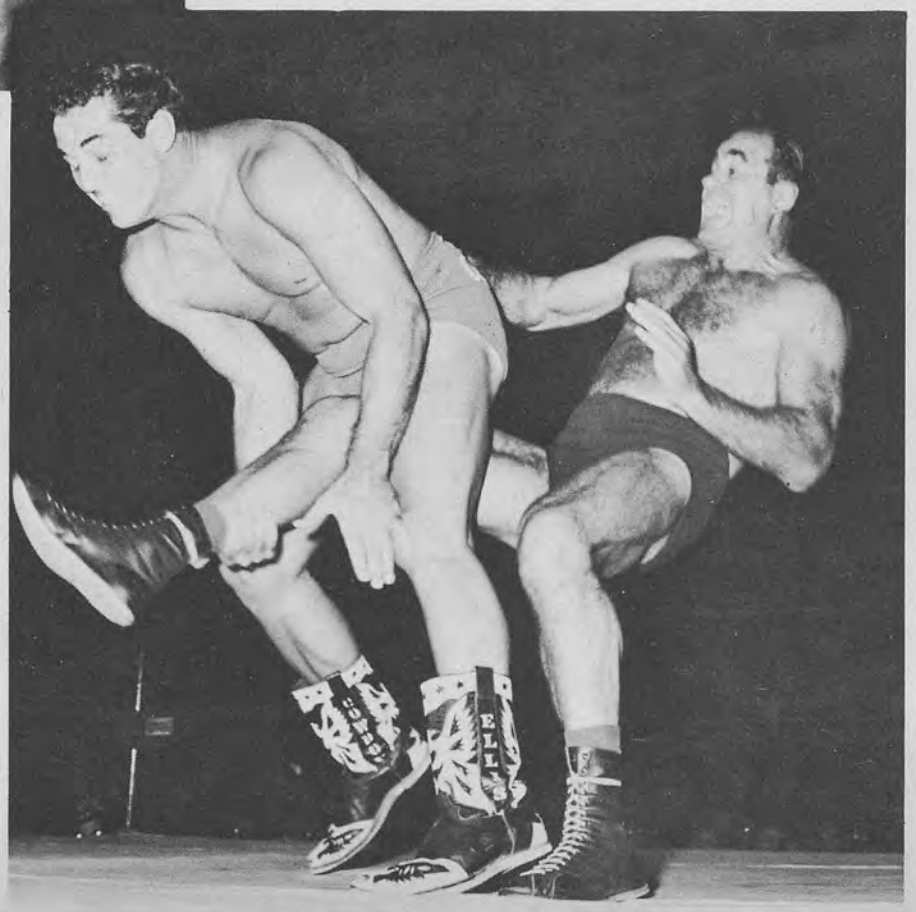
SEE NEXT PAGE

Flanking referee Marvin Jones, both Thesz (right) and Cowboy were in razor-sharp condition for big bout.



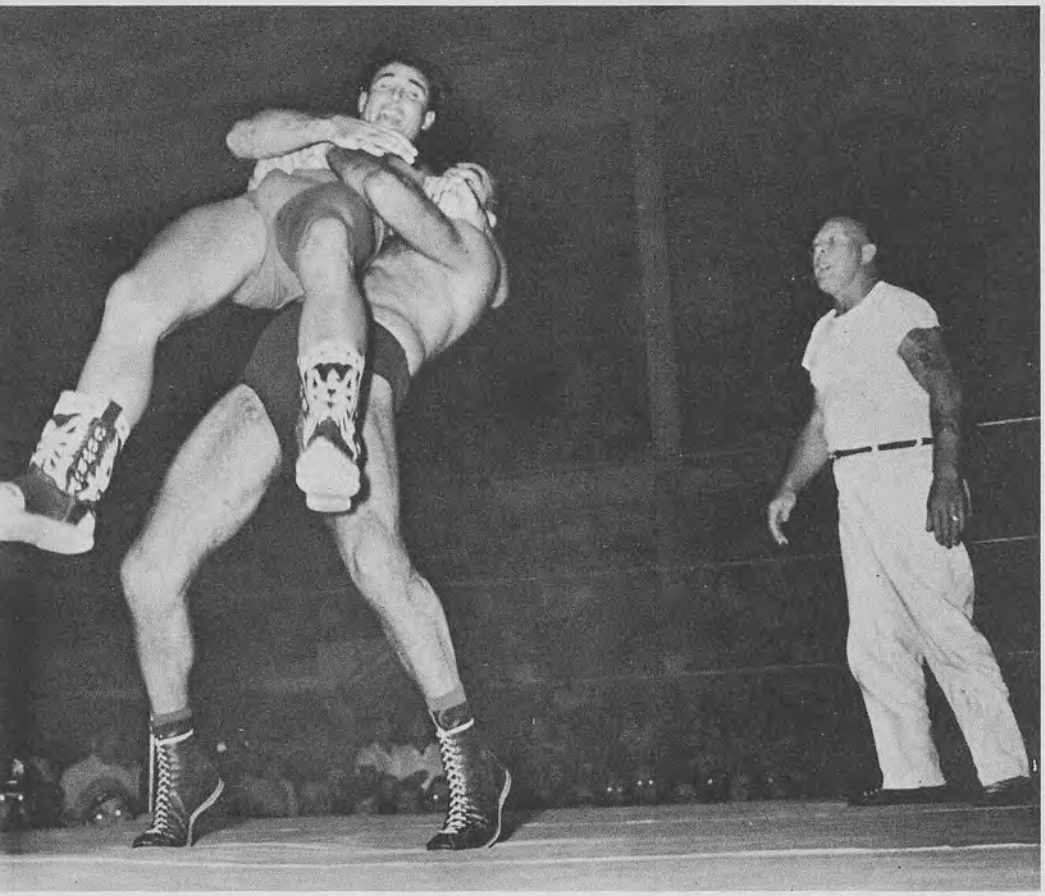
AMIABLE LOU THESZ is an angular, loose-jointed man-eater with one of the most deceptive styles in wrestling. He has put his world title on the line so many times he can hardly remember most of his challengers. What he does remember is that each defense seems to be harder than the last. Which is only natural, since Lou has been wrestling for a long, long time. Yet such is the phenomenal nature of the man that he always manages to put on a surging finish to down his toughest opponents.

HANDSOME COWBOY BOB ELLIS, who is as tall in the saddle as he is in ring prowess, had long thirsted for a title match with Thesz. Thirsting with him were thousands of other native Texans who consider the San Angelo grappler the greatest hero since Sam Houston. Bob finally got his chance last August as a result of pinning four men in a bloody elimination tournament. "I believe Thesz is a great wrestler," he said, "but this is one bronc he can't ride and I know he is a maverick I can tame..." The explosive action and dramatic outcome are portrayed in the accompanying photos.



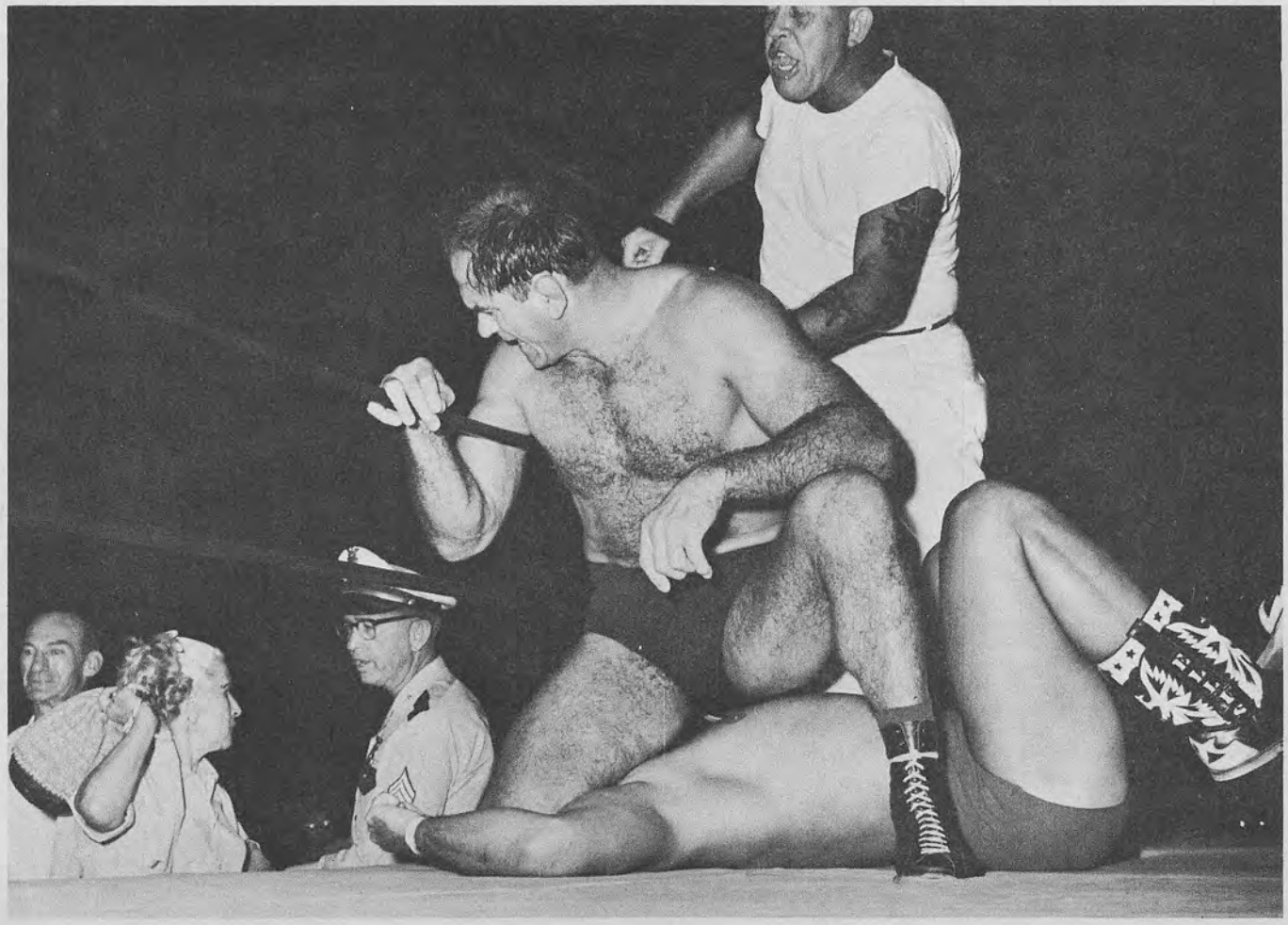
Thesz knew the one thing he had to watch out for was Cowboy's bulldogging headlock. But Lou couldn't seem to get away fast enough and Bob kept hurtling him across the ring with devastating effectiveness. Then Ellis tried a drop kick and missed. Whereupon Lou body-slammed him to win the first fall.

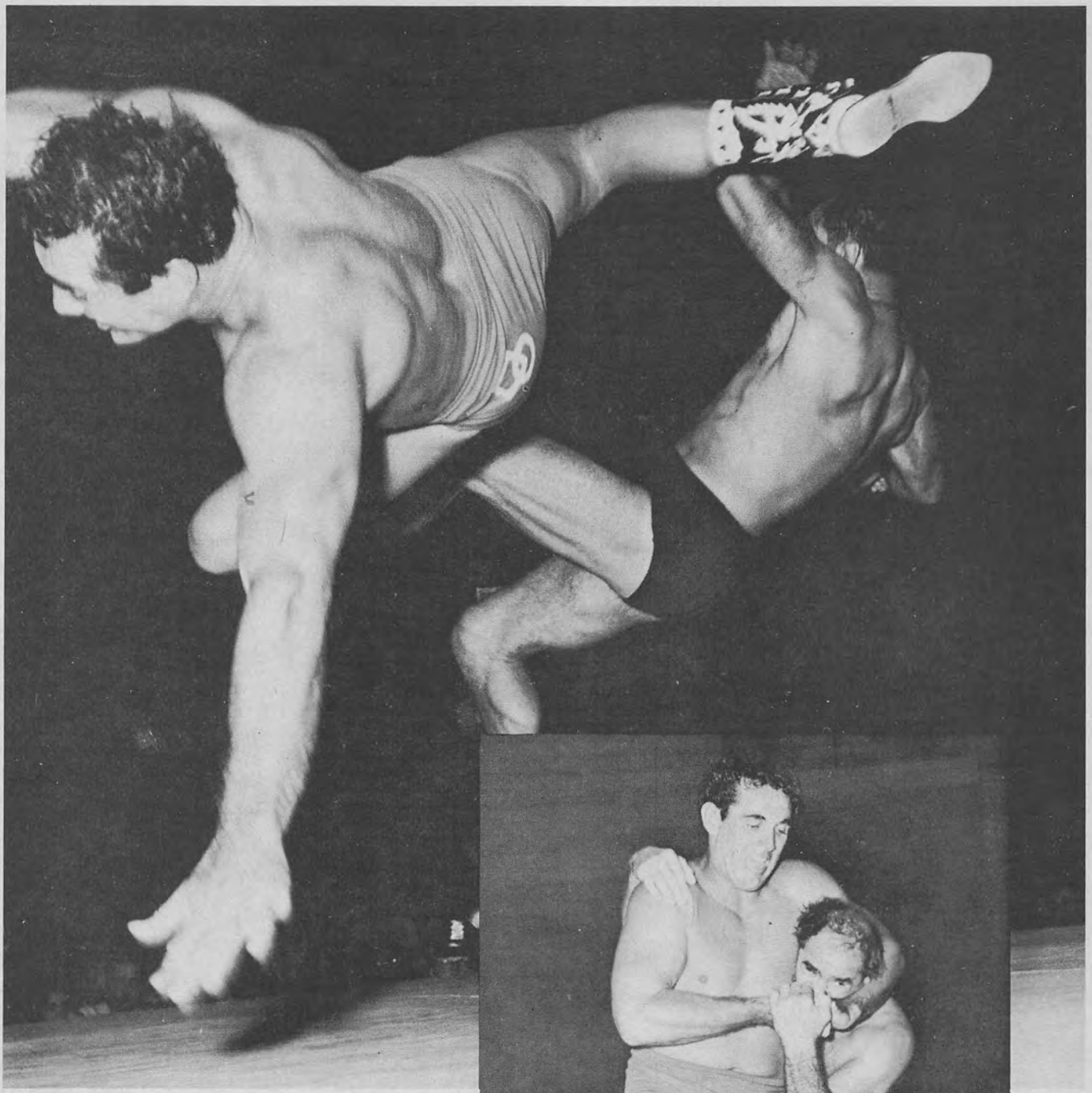
Thesz did some missing of his own as the match grew hotter. Here, Cowboy prepares to flip the champion onto his back. Lou bounced up and tried to apply his flying body scissors but Bob promptly blocked him and took the second fall with a bulldogging headlock.

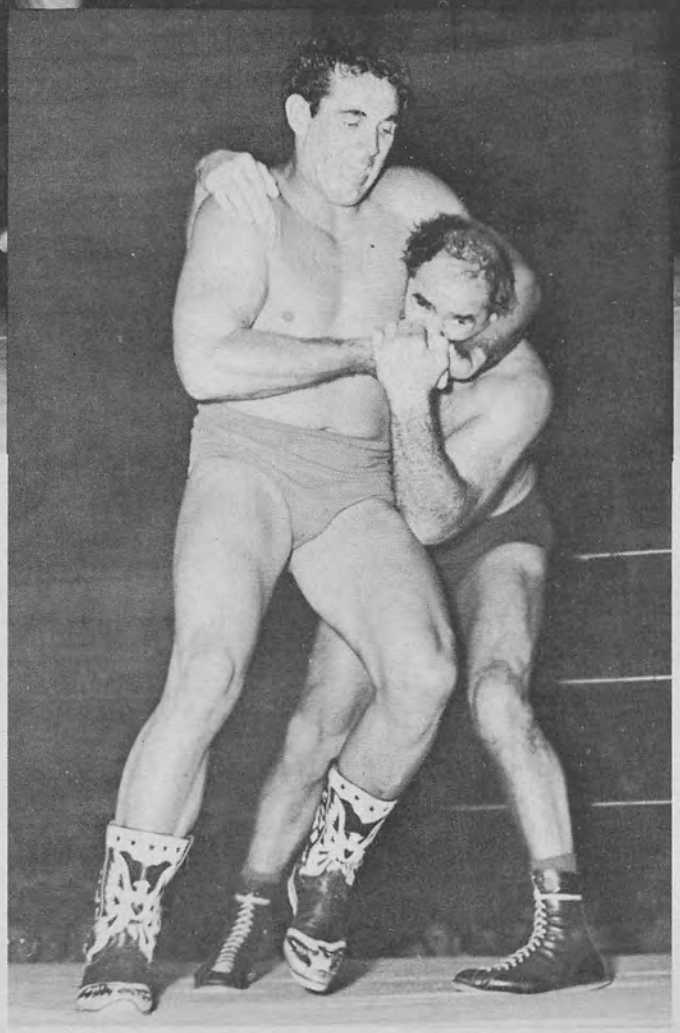


A mighty roar rocked the Coliseum when Cowboy blazed out for the deciding fall and it appeared likely that he might snatch the crown from Thesz. But Lou, moving warily, eluded Bob and then, slipping up behind him, hoisted him in an airplane spin.

This irate lady picked a fine time to get into a row with an arena guard. She distracted Thesz's attention, made him forget he was squatting on Cowboy's face. "Awrrgh!" mumbles Bob as he tries to wriggle out for air.







This most dramatic shot of the bout was snapped at a climactic moment when both contestants crashed to the canvas after colliding in midair. As referee Jones was tolling the count, Lou just managed to struggle up and pin his deflated rival.

A moment before the end, Bob nearly had the match won when he clamped his headlock on the champion and bull-dogged him across the ring. But he didn't have a firm enough grip and Lou recovered in time to launch a counter-attack that led up to the collision pictured above.

It's a tight-knit family and Howard, carrying poodle "Jacques," frequently accompanies Mom and Dad on tour.

By Kevin Morris

The Donovans—Dandy Jack and Verne Bottoms

It's not uncommon for a wife to shout encouragement to her husband—particularly when he's a professional wrestler. But when the wife leaps into the ring with him and slugs his opponent, that's news. And it's even bigger news when it happens the other way around—the husband leaping into the ring to protect his wife!

"Oh, my achin' back," moans Verne as Jack accompanies her to dressing room after her bout with June Byers.

Verne won't let Donovan wrestle unless he's looking just right. Jack? He likes her to fuss over him.

Right: June Byers winds up in a very peculiar position indeed and Verne is quick to take advantage.

EVERY FEW MINUTES, the attractive redhead in the ringside seat would leap up and yell excitedly to Dandy Jack Donovan: "No, no, Jack—not that way . . . grab his legs." Or: "That's it, Jack—you've got him now . . . put on more pressure." Or: "Look out, Jack—he's sneaking up behind you!"

Dandy Jack, his long blond hair flapping, didn't give the redhead a glance. But he was following her instructions to the letter—and winning. This irritated a Jerry Kozak fan. Leaning over, he growled: "Lissen, lady, why doncha keep your big trap shut?"

The redhead gave him a withering look, then ignored him as she continued to advise Jack on his moves. Nudging another spectator, the fan whispered: "Who's this crazy dame?" The spectator took one look and said: "Her? Guess you must be new around here. That's Donovan's wife, Verne Bottoms. You should have seen *her* in the ring last night. What a hellcat!"

That's the way things are with the Donovans. When you see one, you're almost sure to see the other. On many occasions, they arrange to appear on the same card. Or else they're wrestling in nearby arenas.

On their off nights, they attend each other's performances, shouting advice and encouragement. With their son, Howard, a sturdy youngster of 14, Jack and Verne make up a happy, tight-knit unit that sticks together despite travel dislocations that would split most families.

Says Jack, with a trace of Southern accent: "I believe a man should have his wife and family with him wherever he goes . . . Just like his money . . . They all go together . . ."

Verne agrees. "I worry when I watch Jack wrestle," she admits. "But if I stayed home, I'd worry twice as much because then I wouldn't be there to help him if he got hurt."

Jack worries, too, when they're wrestling in different arenas. "But I think she can take care of herself," he grins. "Anyway, after the matches we always call each other to make sure everything is all right."

Jack modestly denies that he has ever been "hurt real bad"—but in the next breath ticks off some of his "minor" injuries—a broken left wrist and collarbone (each one twice) and a split shoulder. "This year alone," he said, "my shoulder was torn on two occasions."

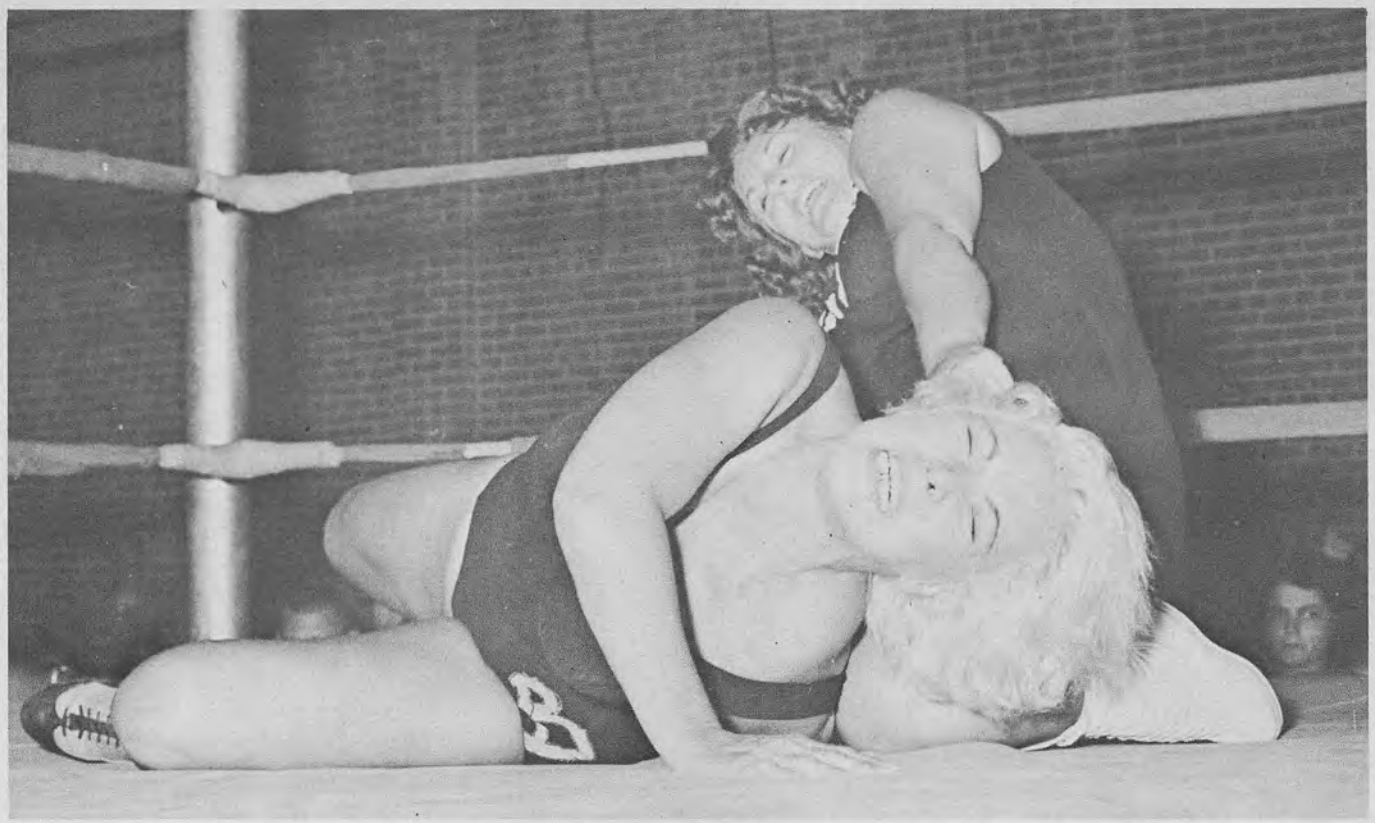
Verne broke in: "And I've had my knee cap busted, left arm broken and my nose cracked three times . . ." Jack laughed: "A broken nose doesn't count. I've had mine busted eight times. Some of the fans haven't been too nice to me, either. I remember one knife gash that required 40 stitches."

"Jack's broken nose is one reason why I worry so much," said Verne, "because our doctor has warned him that just one more time and he'll have to replace the bone with plastic."

Jack's worst injury, however, occurred outside the ring. He has been in seven auto crackups. One of them, on the way from Tulsa, Okla., to Nashville, Tenn., in 1961, almost ended his career.

In addition to having the muscles ripped out of his left arm, Jack suffered a split shoulder and a broken collarbone. "The doctor said Jack wouldn't be able to wrestle again," Verne recalled.

Jack defied the doctor's orders and, after a rigorous 7½-month



Verne puts the squeeze on June Byers before June cut loose with savage attack. Verne yelled "Foul!"—asked for return bout . . .

training program, made a surprising comeback. He gives Verne most of the credit: "She helped me in every way—giving me all kinds of advice and encouragement and extending my workout periods . . . I don't think I couldda done it by myself . . ."

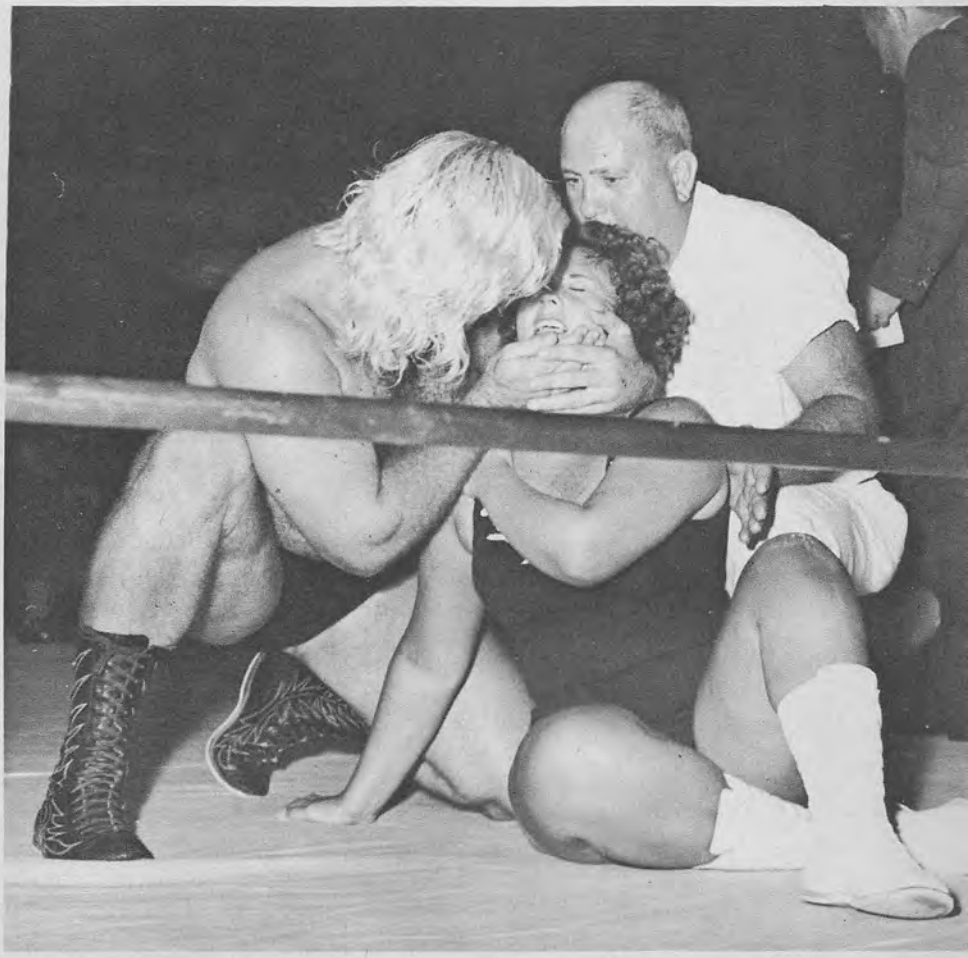
Verne is quick to rush to Jack's aid when she thinks he's getting a dirty deal. Sometimes, says Jack with a broad wink, she overdoes it. "Wrestling, you know, is like a game of checkers. You make a move to draw out your opponent and—wham!

"Well, maybe I'll be doing that and Verne'll rush into the ring when I don't really need help. But I sure feel good knowing I can count on her whenever I get into trouble."

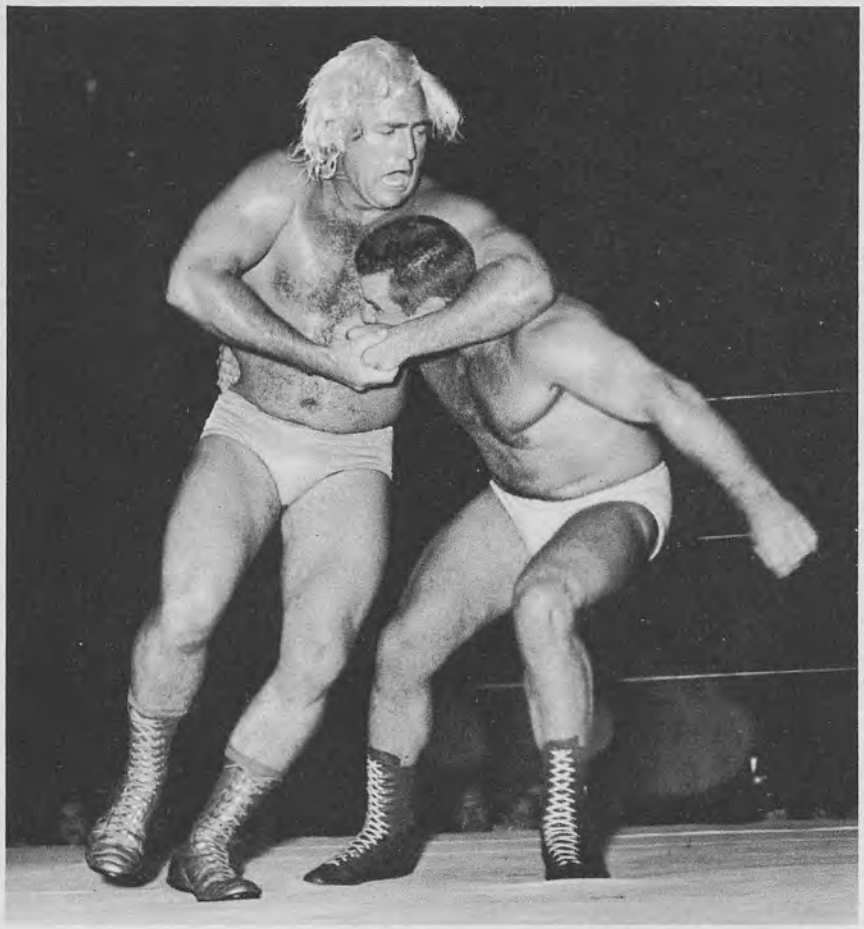
"I figure I owe Jack a good turn," Verne laughed. "After all, he saved my life once. Lucky thing he did, too—or we would have never met . . ."

Explained Jack: "I was a lifeguard at Daytona Beach, Florida. One day I noticed a young lady floundering in the rough surf. I pulled her out—and got myself a sweet wife in the bargain."

Daytona Beach was the scene of another lucky meeting—with



. . . She got it and put up a terrific battle before Byers caught her with a drop-kick. "There, there, honey," consoles Jack, "it was just a lucky shot . . ."



Donovan's massive arm crushes Jerry Kozak's head in Houston match. Jack appeared on same card with his wife.

wrestler Carlos Rodriguez. Carlos got them interested in the sport —this was in 1953—and they've been at it ever since. "Verne learned a lot faster than I did," Jack said proudly.

Interestingly enough, Donovan says Rodriguez is the toughest man he has ever faced—and Jack has tackled some pretty tough hombres, Lou Thesz included, in the past 10 years.

"Carlos gave me a real shellacking when I was learning," Jack said, "and I've always wanted to be the student who beats his teacher. But while I've defeated him in the gym, I've never wrestled him in the ring."

Donovan has tangled with "four or five fellows who have held the championship. I beat Lou Thesz the summer before he regained his title from Buddy Rogers."

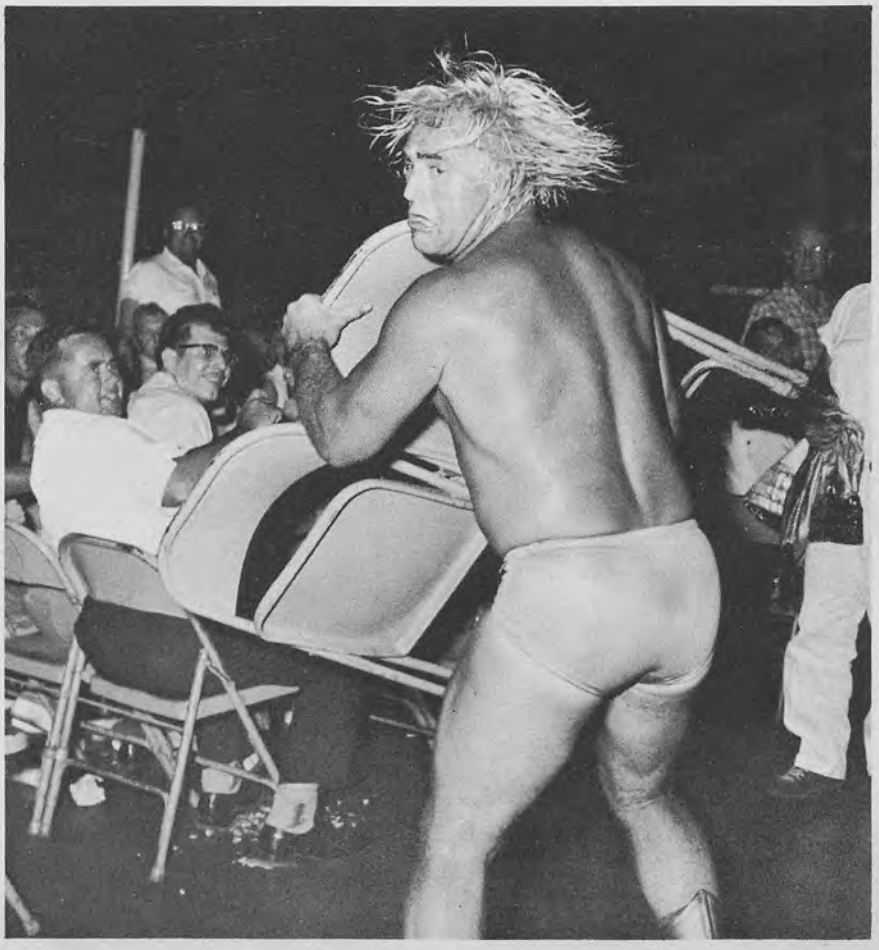
Dandy Jack likes to wrestle titleholders — not for glory but simply "because in this business the more titles you have the more money you make."

Up to this point in the interview, Donovan hadn't said a word about the titles he'd won. It was Verne who filled in his record:

Only three months after his comeback, Jack captured the Gulf Coast championship. Then he and Jackie Fargo nailed the Southern Tag Team crown.

"They held it for eight months," Verne said, adding, "I'm very proud of that."

In Oklahoma recently, 227-pound Jack Donovan slimmed down to take on junior heavyweight champion Danny Hodge. Jack gave Hodge such a rough time that officials told him he could have another title shot any-



"Where's that so-and-so?" growls Jack, picking up not one but two chairs with which to clobber elusive Jerry Kozak.

time he wanted it.

But Jack said "no thanks." Not because he was afraid of losing but because of the tremendous drain on his strength. "I wrestle best in the 220-230-pound range," he explained. "I can move a lot faster if I get down to 205 but the falls seem to jar me more."

Donovan's favorite hold is the Dandy Jack Neck-Breaker: "You can render a man unconscious with it because it puts all the weight and pressure at the base of his skull.

"I taught Verne how to use it —but sometimes I think she's better at it than I am. Incidentally, that's how she beat Penny Banner the other night."

Developing special holds is one of the Donovans' most rewarding pastimes. "Howard likes to work out with us," Jack said. "He wants to follow in my footsteps. He's 158 pounds now. In junior high school, he beat everybody he met in the 177-pound class. He's really very good—but you got to admit he's had a lot of good training."

When Jack's valet quit after being cut up by some fans, Howard immediately offered to take his place. "I'm big enough, Daddy," Howard said. "I can take care of those people."

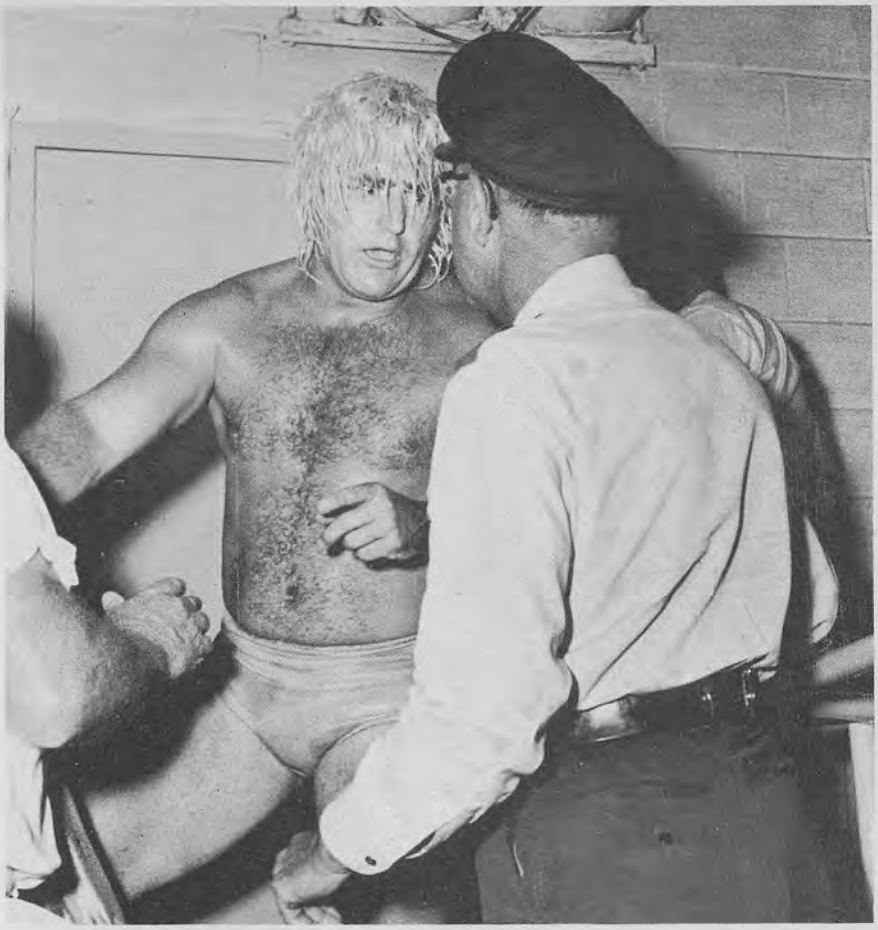
Jack laughed. "Ever since Howard decided to become a wrestler, I've been trying to figure out a way to get Jacques into the ring."

Jacques is the Donovans' pet poodle. "There's one thing I can say about Jacques," Jack grins. "He knows class . . . If you've noticed, he never gets up on his hind legs when our opponents come into the ring—only when we show up!"

The Donovans, who raise poodles as a sideline (in addition to owning a gas station and a dry cleaning business) don't expect to retire to their Hollywood, Calif., home for some time.

"But when we do," said Jack, who took a veterinary course in college, "I think we'll go into raising poodles—and other dogs —full time."

Before then, however, Donovan figures he'll hit on a way to get Jacques to clap his paws whenever he or Verne enters the ring.



Jack has some harsh words for the arena guard who intervened just when chair-swinging Donovan was catching up to Jerry Kozak in mad chase outside the ring.

Howard likes to work out with his folks in developing new holds. When Donovan's valet quit after being cut up by fans, Howard bravely offered to take his place.

THERE ARE MANY nicknames credited to the coastline of Southern France that extends 140 miles from Cassis, near Marseilles, to Menton on the Italian border. Many refer to it as the "Glamor Strip." Some call it "The World's Bikini Beach." But to most the only name they immediately recognize, universally, is "The French Riviera."

Major towns within the fabulous boundaries of "The French Riviera" are Monte Carlo, Cannes, Nice and Juan-les-Pins. The first of these to become a real pleasure resort was Nice, but only for the winter season.

Nice is the fourth largest city in France, with a population of 300,000. Once called the "Miami of the Riviera," Nice today is the Riviera's link with the outside world. It is a big city, proudly boasting two of the world's great hotels, the Negresco and the Ruhl; three gambling casinos, a topflight soccer team, a magnificent avenue, the Promenade des Anglais; the most charming airport in the world; a major film studio, the Victorine, built by Rex Ingram in 1925, and a fine newspaper, *Nice Matin.*

Rene Goulet, a 25-year-old French wrestler being heralded by the great Edouard Carpentier as "wrestling's hottest find of the decade," was born in Nice. The cliche "tall and handsome" certainly fits Rene. He looks very much like his namesake, singing star Robert Goulet, with chiseled

Rene Goulet, posing in a Minneapolis park, is acclaimed by the great Edouard Carpentier as "the greatest wrestling find of the decade."

By Bob Luce

Just take one look at Rene Goulet and you'll agree that there couldn't be anybody quite like him

RENE GOULET Suave, Delightfully European and Refreshingly New

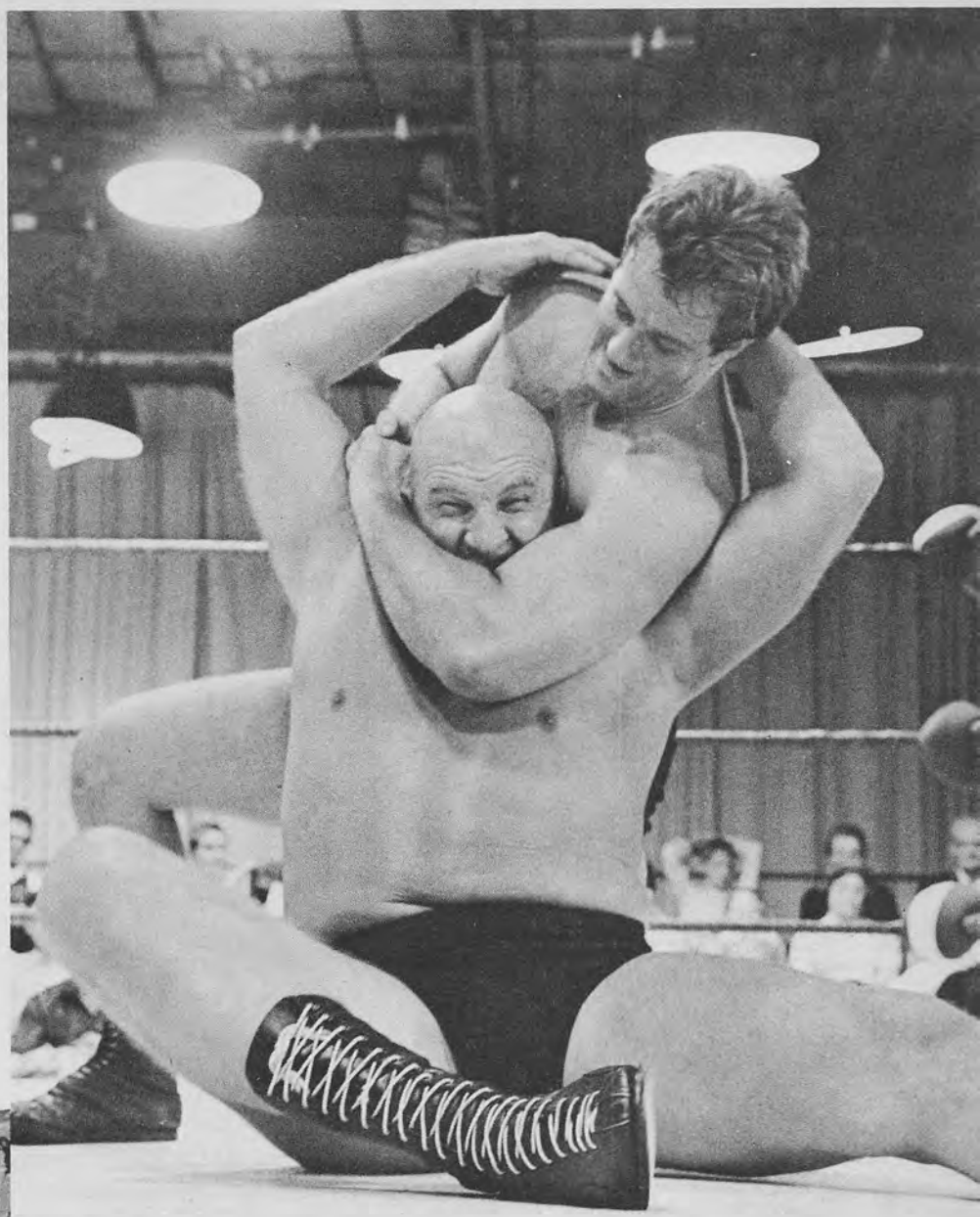
features that cause feminine hearts to beat violently. Many of his female admirers find him "terribly sexy and pulsating." In true French tradition, Rene is also suave and gracious.

Goulet, 6'1" and 230 pounds, has been wrestling professionally for two years, having spent three years in European amateur competition. Currently, his biggest problem is not so much with beating opponents as with talking on TV. Rene's English, you see, is limited to "Yes," "No," "Pardon me, what did you say? I not understand." So when he goes before the TV monster, he is at a loss for words.

With an interpreter, however, Rene responds with fluency, clarity and sincerity. There are two questions which he answers quickly, as if his mind were a computer geared to throwing out the same reply:

TV ANNOUNCER: How long have you been in this country, and how do you compare American with European wrestlers?

GOULET: I am here in America three months. Wrestling is not the same in Europe. American wrestlers are bigger and tougher.



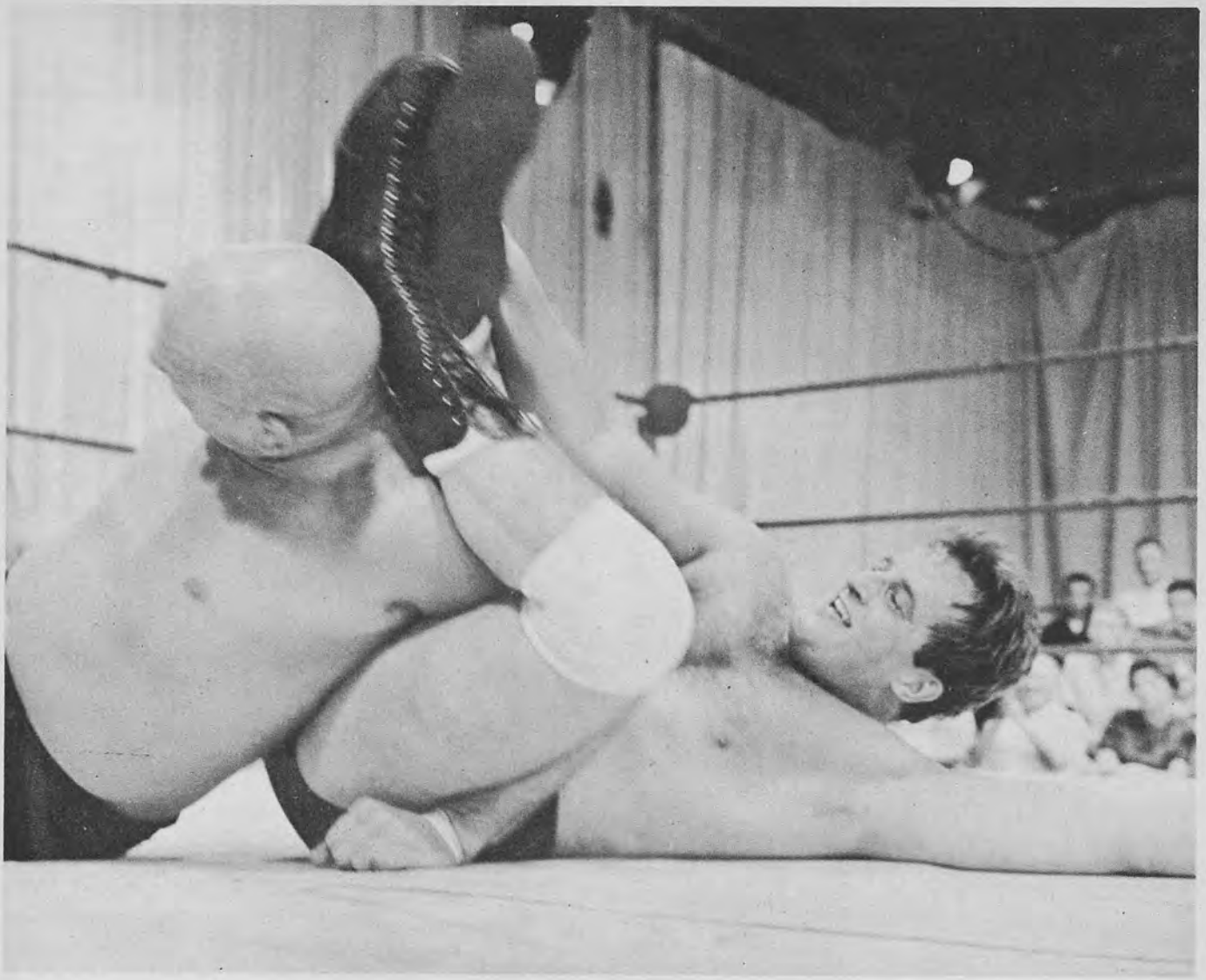
Rene demonstrates that he has more than good looks going for him as he applies a crushing headlock on Jack Wilson.

TV ANNOUNCER: Are you any relation to Robert Goulet?

GOULET: No! Anyway, I do not think he is 100 per cent French.

Rene has not yet gained full-fledged recognition in this country as a leading heavyweight contender. He is still young and, in many ways, very green. Every-

Rene appropriately told his fascinating story in a French restaurant against a backdrop of saucy Can-Can dancers.



As you can see, Goulet gets pleasure from his work. He learned tricky holds like this one from the old master, Henri DeGlane.

thing, however, is in his favor. In France, he was taught by Henri DeGlane, a former world heavyweight champion, who also taught Carpentier. Goulet combined what he learned with an overabundance of guts—one of the main requisites for success.

In our opinion, however, the biggest thing Rene has going for him is that he's preparing himself in the rigorous climate of Minnesota, where he is surrounded by famous stars who can teach him a great deal more. Leading the parade of Minnesota stars is the great Verne Gagne. How can Goulet miss with models like Gagne?

Rene has already hit upon a pet submission hold—he calls it "The Submarine" — which combines a form of full nelson leg-scissors with a surfboard. To date, "The Submarine" has reduced all of Rene's foes to an embarrassingly immobile state of submission. Rene is, at this writing, undefeated.

Goulet is typically French. He loves French cooking, is a wine connoisseur, prides himself on his knowledge of fine art, is an authority on sports cars (he owns an M.G.) and is a professional gambler. But, untypically French, he once had a chance to kiss Brigitte Bardot in a sexy movie scene—and turned it down . . .

. . . Truly a many-sided man with a fascinating story to tell. But how to get that story, in view of his limited English? We finally enlisted the aid of a 23-year-old Minneapolis blonde, an ardent Goulet admirer who also speaks fluent French.

Thus it was a cozy threesome that met at the Chateau de Paris dining room in Minneapolis' Dyckman Hotel. There, relaxed, talkative and uninhibited, Rene answered all our questions . . .

He went on at a great rate about French cooking ("The French look upon it as an art . . . No French restaurant ever serves meat that has been frozen . . . The French eat cheese with every meal except breakfast. They always eat it before dessert, washing it down with whatever is left of their wine . . .").

Then he started talking about probably the most intriguing hobby we have ever encountered in our discussions with many wrestling stars—the art of gambling.

"I really am not an authority on the subject," Rene said modestly. "However, I can tell you about a man who I believe was the greatest gambler of the Twentieth Century. His name was Nicholas Zographos, who played at Cannes from 1919 through 1940. He was the founder of the Greek Syndicate (a system whereby a group of professional gamblers, backed by outside capital, played against the house at baccarat).

"Zographos destroyed the Italian Syndicate by taking three quarters of a million dollars from it at one sitting. He retired with a fortune estimated at ten million dollars . . ."

How, we interrupted Rene, did he come to know so much about a man who was at the zenith of his career (mid-30's) before Goulet was even born?

"It's really very simple," Rene replied. "You could not grow up in Nice and not hear of his fantastic exploits. Then, in 1958 through 1960, I myself played baccarat at Cannes and built a modest reputation in my own right. It was during those years that I really came to know and appreciate the great deeds of this remarkable gambler. He became my idol.

"Cleaned out one evening, Zographos didn't change his expression as he sent to the bank for more money, whispering to the director: 'Bring everything I have; this is my last throw.'

"He put all his money on the table and it was immediately covered by his opponents, who sensed that Zographos was at the end of his resources. (In baccarat, the winning hand is that which comes closest to nine. Tens and court cards count as zero.)

"Zographos turned the two cards dealt to him, jack and queen. In other words, zero. He had one more card to draw. He turned up . . . the nine of clubs. You should have seen the reaction in the Casino that night. It was indescribable.

"Zographos died in 1953," Rene concluded, "at the age of eighty."

As Rene had been talking for over an hour, we decided to take a break and relax with a refreshing drink. Sipping his wine, he talked quietly with his blonde companion and I contemplated his handsome features, even more handsome in the flickering glow of candlelight.

Goulet suddenly looked in my direction and caught me staring at him. I immediately asked him some questions that seemed awkward as they broke the solitude: "Rene, did you ever appear in the movies? If not, have you ever considered a film career? Did you ever attend the Cannes Film Festival and what were your impressions of this event?"

Putting down his glass of wine, Rene thoughtfully considered his answer, then said: "I make it a point to attend the Festival every year. It's a remarkable sight; a moment of excitement for some; pomp and splendor for others. Unfortunately, in some respects the spectacle has acquired a tradition of rowdiness, some spontaneous and some contrived.

"As you know, the Festival provides a yearly market for film ideas. Through the endless succession of cocktail parties, the world's producers, directors, writers and actors talk over ideas, take or drop options, plan scenarios and sign contracts . . .

"And I," Goulet said with a sudden trace of excitement, "happened to be at the right cocktail party in 1959 and was offered a part in a Brigitte Bardot movie. It was not a big part, but the French producer guaranteed me a scene in which I would steal a kiss from Bardot . . ."

Rene shrugged expressively. "In this case, my wrestling career came before Bardot, as I was preparing to come to this country on tour . . ." He smiled. "When I tell this story to my American friends, they scream and say I was crazy to turn down the part . . ."

Rene doesn't think so. "Wresling," he says, "is more important to me."

There is an interesting parallel between Goulet and his home town. Like Nice, Rene has a cosmopolitan flair. Further, Nice, the most important city on the Riviera, is the least written about; by comparison, Rene is so new to pro wrestling here that this is the first story about him to appear in any American sports publication.

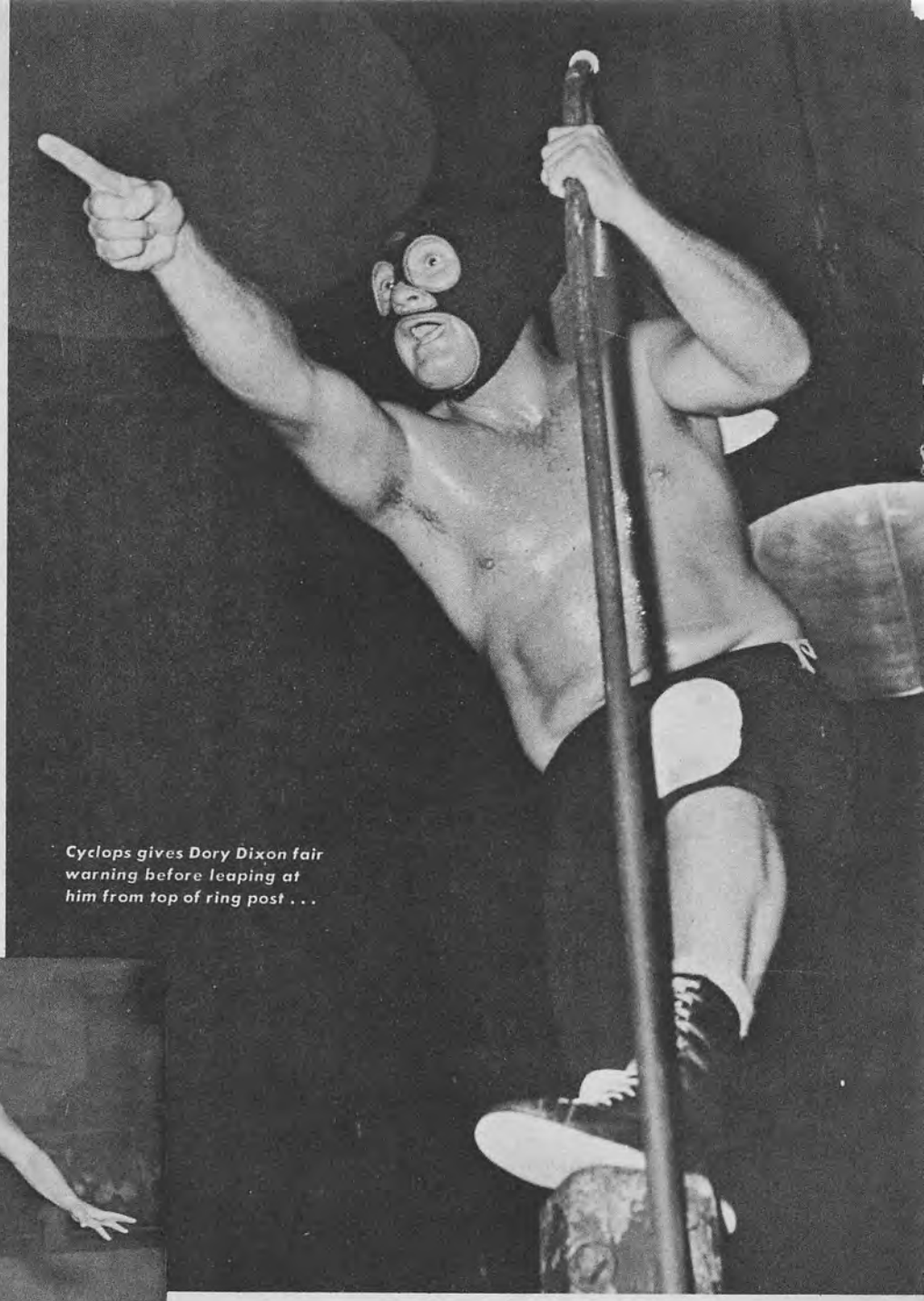
Finally, Nice is expanding at a phenomenal rate, faster than any other French city. And so is Goulet's career. ■

Rene, a sports car enthusiast, thinks the M.G. is one of the best on the road.

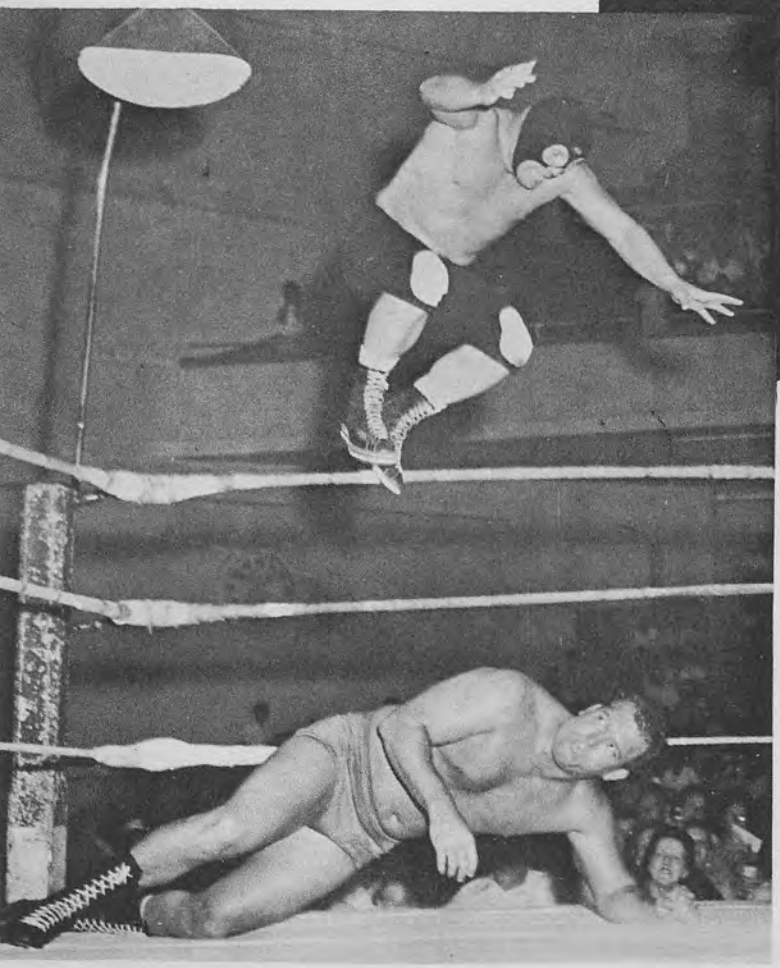
TEXAS PROMOTER MORRIS SIGEL thumbed through his morning batch of mail. There were the usual sacks of fan mail, love letters, offers of marriage, threats, insults addressed through him to "his boys."

He flipped through them one by one, idly noting their origin. One letter brought him out of his inattentive state. It was a sky-blue envelope across which yellow bolts of lightning had been carefully drawn. The address was drawn in red, angry slashes. In the corner was a drawing of a yellow, staring eye. No return address; just that eye staring up at Morris Sigel in mute challenge.

He slit open the envelope and drew out a piece of blue paper. More lightning bolts. At the head, that same, staring eye. Its message was brief and mystifying: "I am coming. I forge thunderbolts for the Great God Zeus. The lightning in my boot will destroy anyone you dare to match against me." It was signed simply "Cyclops."



Cyclops gives Dory Dixon fair warning before leaping at him from top of ring post . . .



The weird yellow-painted eye glaring from the middle of his forehead was supposed to hypnotize opponents, but it had other uses, too

CYCLOPS THE

. . . Which was more than he did for John Paul Henning, who saw the danger too late to avoid attack.

Sigel has received his share . . . or, perhaps, twice his share of crank notes. It might have been easy to dismiss this as the work of a nut. But there was a sense of urgency, a genuine menace about it, and Sigel wanted to reply. But there wasn't a return address. So he filed the letter and dismissed it from his mind.

Three weeks later, his office door flew open. In front of a protesting secretary, a gigantic hulk of a man strode in. His face was hidden behind a black mask, from the center of which blazed that same yellow eye. "I am Cyclops, forger of the thunderbolts," he announced. "Where do I strike first?"

After Sigel had gulped his way through his initial surprise, he studied the man carefully. He was a wrestler . . . no doubt about that. He towered well over six feet and walked with a thunderous tread that rattled the ash tray on the desk. His movements exhibited a power and lightning speed that mark the wrestler. He carried his bulk with ease.

"I haven't got anything for you yet," Sigel said. "In a week or two . . ."

"I'll be back tomorrow," Cyclops grunted. He turned on his heel and stomped out.

But even Morris Sigel can't arrange a bout overnight. In the two weeks that followed, Cyclops traveled between Houston and Beaumont, Texas, loudly declaiming to all who would listen that every wrestler was afraid of him. He would shrivel them all, stomp them to dust under his boot, grind them to a yellow powder. He even went so far as to invade the wrestling arenas in these two cities, leaping into the ring between matches, buttonholing fans in the lobbies and on the street.

Continued on next page

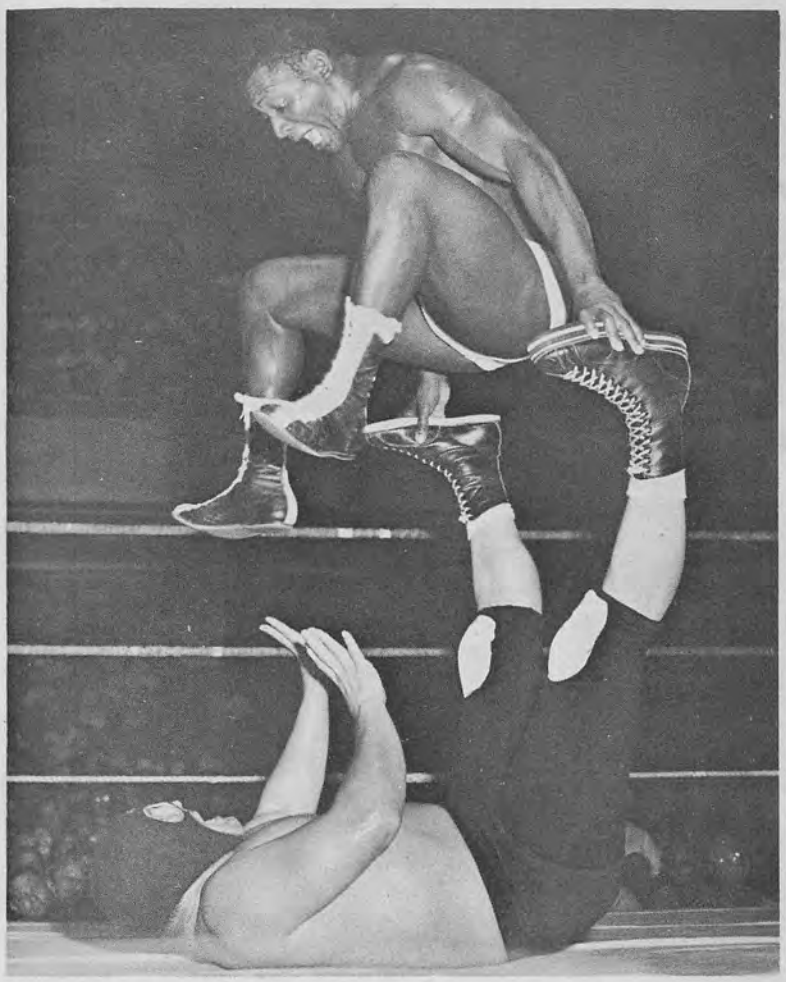
With bloodthirsty yell, Cyclops takes another leap at Dixon, putting him away with jolting boot-kicks to the spine.

Cyclops had roughhouse good time until he tangled with another roughhouser, Bull Curry, who sent him sprawling into the audience.

AND THIRD EYE

By Jack Singer

Heading for dressing room, Curry thought he was through for the night, but footloose Cyclops had other ideas.



Dixon gives Cyclops something to remember him by. It was the only real chance he got in bout dominated by his opponent.

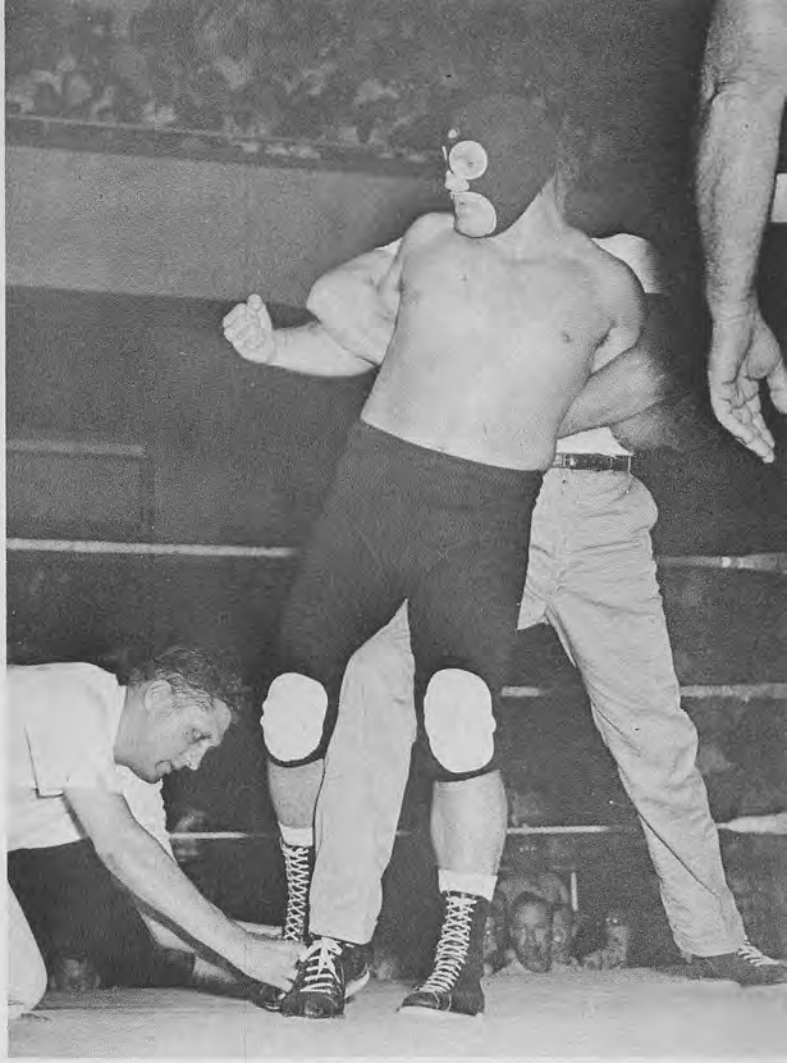
And when you are buttonholed by a mountain like Cyclops, masked, ranting . . . angry and threatening destruction, the smartest thing you can do is to stop and listen. Many did. By the time Sigel had lined up a match against Dory Dixon, interest in the masked man from nowhere was at a screaming, fever pitch. The fans jammed the Houston Coliseum to watch the masked braggart make good his threats.

And he did. He pinned Dixon with his oversized right boot, tore at his eyes, wrenched and jolted his spine with a series of flying head-locks. He put Dixon away . . . but he also revealed the secret of his "technique."

Cyclops is afflicted with a slightly short right leg. To make up the difference, his right boot has an inch thick sole. Closer examination indicates that the sole is rubber all the way through, but it is more than likely that the innersole is solid lead! At all events, Cyclops uses the boot to

Loath to have his dirty tactics perpetuated on film, Cyclops rushes a WRESTLING REVUE photographer. Our man scrambled away just in time.

Cyclops' secret weapon was exposed in Dixon bout: a thick-soled boot which he uses here to great advantage.



Referee restrains Cyclops while a second examines his oversized boot to determine if it contains any lead.

devastating advantage. His kick, delivered to the undefended side of a fallen opponent, lifts the man a foot off the canvas. When Cyclops clamps that boot down on an arm or hand, it is as if his opponent were pinned by an anvil.

John Paul Henning, Cyclops' next opponent, was ready for him. John Paul is no slouch with the fancy footwork himself, and, in the first fall, he stomped his own size-14 boot into Cyclops' throat with enough force to tear the head off an ordinary man. Cyclops turned a bit blue, but he sprang up from the canvas in a thrashing, blind rage that resulted in injury to Henning's shoulder and a no-contest decision for the match. Henning's doctor had advised him not to continue. "He's yellow!" Cyclops screamed. "Get him back in here where I can finish him off!" Henning tried to climb back into the ring, but was restrained by his manager.

WR's Texas correspondent followed Cyclops back to his dressing room. He knocked on the door. Nobody answered. He tried the handle. Locked tight. So, he waited for him outside. Cyclops never emerged.

Subsequent efforts to interview Cyclops have yielded nothing. Even Morris Sigel has been unable to persuade him to grant an interview, or even to hint at who he is, where he comes from, what his goals and ambitions are. We knocked on his door at the Western Skies Motel in Houston. After a few moments, the masked face peered at us through a window. What we could see of his body was wet; he must have been taking a shower when we knocked . . . with his mask on! But no interview!

All we are able to report is that Cyclops is an aggressive, no-holds-barred grappler with the true athletic stamina and courage that mark the great ones. So far, he's been able to make good his boast that his lightning boot would win him victories. What will happen in the future . . . only time will tell. ■

Elusive and evasive Cyclops tried to duck our photographer but failed—and is snapped in act of leaving his motel.

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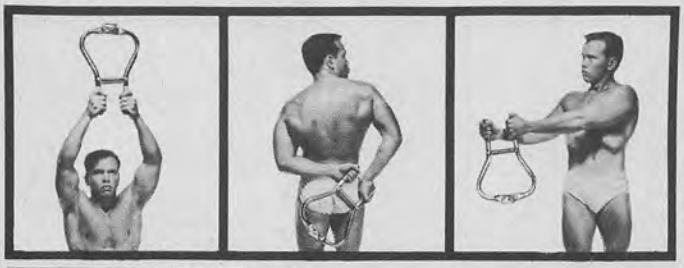

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Ed was so much faster than his massive foe that he often hit Killer on the rebound after smashing him to the mat.

LONGEST FEUD

Continued from page 11

"Sure he was given the verdict. But it was a hollow victory, to say the least. He was carried off on a stretcher and didn't even hear the verdict which made him champion of Canada. Some way for a guy to become champ!"

That wasn't exactly true, of course. Carp had been carried out on a stretcher because of his injured knee. But he had heard the verdict, all right—every beautiful word of it: ". . . Edouard Carpentier, the new champion of Canada . . ."

Edouard was out of action for several weeks, following an operation. Still, he could afford to chuckle: "He kicked, he choked, he tripped. But I fixed him. And he went down for good . . . Maybe now he'll have some respect—and manners."

It was a vain wish. Kowalski never forgave Ed for that defeat—and let him know it every time they wrestled again. They have clashed more than 52 times thus far, mostly in Montreal, but also in Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York and Boston, with Carpentier holding a slight edge in victories.

Edouard hasn't given up hope that Kowalski will mend his ways. "If I keep battling him long enough," he says with a wide grin, "maybe some of my manners will rub off on him. But I don't take any chances. You know what they say about a leopard never changing his spots . . ." ■

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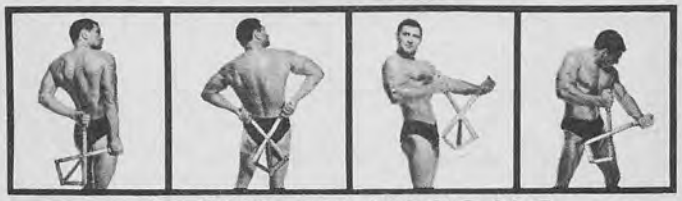

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VASHON

Continued from page 18

one for advice. He is a brooding loner, a man too proud to admit he cannot solve his own problems. Maybe, he figured during a moment of utter disconsolation, the fault lay in the fact that he had been wrestling his own countrymen and opponents with a French background. But no — the situation was the same with other foes.

Maurice didn't know it but what he needed was something to trigger the beast in him — a word, a look, an incident, however slight. One night, he found that something. It came about in a thoroughly unexpected way. Montreal is a cosmopolitan city; in the audience that night was an Algerian. During a lull in the action, this Algerian rose and screamed an epithet at Vashon — an epithet so foul it cannot be printed. Vashon reacted as if stung and, in his rage, mopped up the canvas with his foe.

Looking on from ringside was another person who was to have an electrifying effect on Maurice — a West Coast promoter hunting for new talent to satisfy the bloodthirsty fans in America's great Northwest. Freed of all inhibitions now, Vashon tore through a series of opponents — destroying them with his claw and backbreaker holds but mostly with chairs, clubs and anything else he could get his hands on.

"Mad Dog," the fans called him, shouting it with venom, but always jamming the arenas to see him. Vashon lived up to his nickname by being disqualified more than 200 times for vicious tactics —all in less than a year of West Coast wrestling. Some of his most sensational bouts have taken place in Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

Portland fans, in particular, will never forget the bloody match between Vashon and Tough Tony Borne. After an explosive performance that had the Auditorium audience gasping, Maurice wound up losing part of his beard and Borne was rushed to the doctor for rabies shots.

Before the fireworks got under way, Maurice knocked himself out with animal enthusiasm. While leapfrogging around to warm up, he skulled himself on the heavy mike that hung too low over the ring. But if Borne thought the mishap had softened Vashon, he was mistaken.

For more than 15 minutes they battered each other relentlessly. When Vashon ran out of illegal holds, he started chewing on Borne. Staggering from the blows and loss of blood, Tony made a desperate charge that flipped Mad Dog into the ringsiders' laps.

When Vashon scrambled back into the ring, he was set upon by a group of "barbers." In a hectic session punctuated by bellows of rage from Vashon and roars of approval from the crowd, they managed to give the Mad Dog a partial shearing before he broke loose.

A stunning blonde who had sat enraptured throughout the proceedings was amazed by the transforfmation in Vashon's appearance. "Why, he's really handsome without all that fuzz," she told her companion. "I could even go for him."

Told about this later, Vashon was piqued rather than pleased. "My beard means more to me than any woman," he roared. "My beard is everything to me. Without it, I am nothing." Quieting down, he asked philosophically: "Tell me, how would Landru the murderer have looked without his beard, eh? Bah! He wouldn't have scared even a rabbit." ■

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JUNE 1963
MAJOR BOUT ISSUE
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MAR. 1959 ☐	AUG. 1959 ☐	JULY 1961 ☐	JAN. 1962 ☐	MAY 1962 ☐	SEPT. 1962 ☐	JAN. 1963 ☐	MAY 1963 ☐	SEPT. 1963 ☐	
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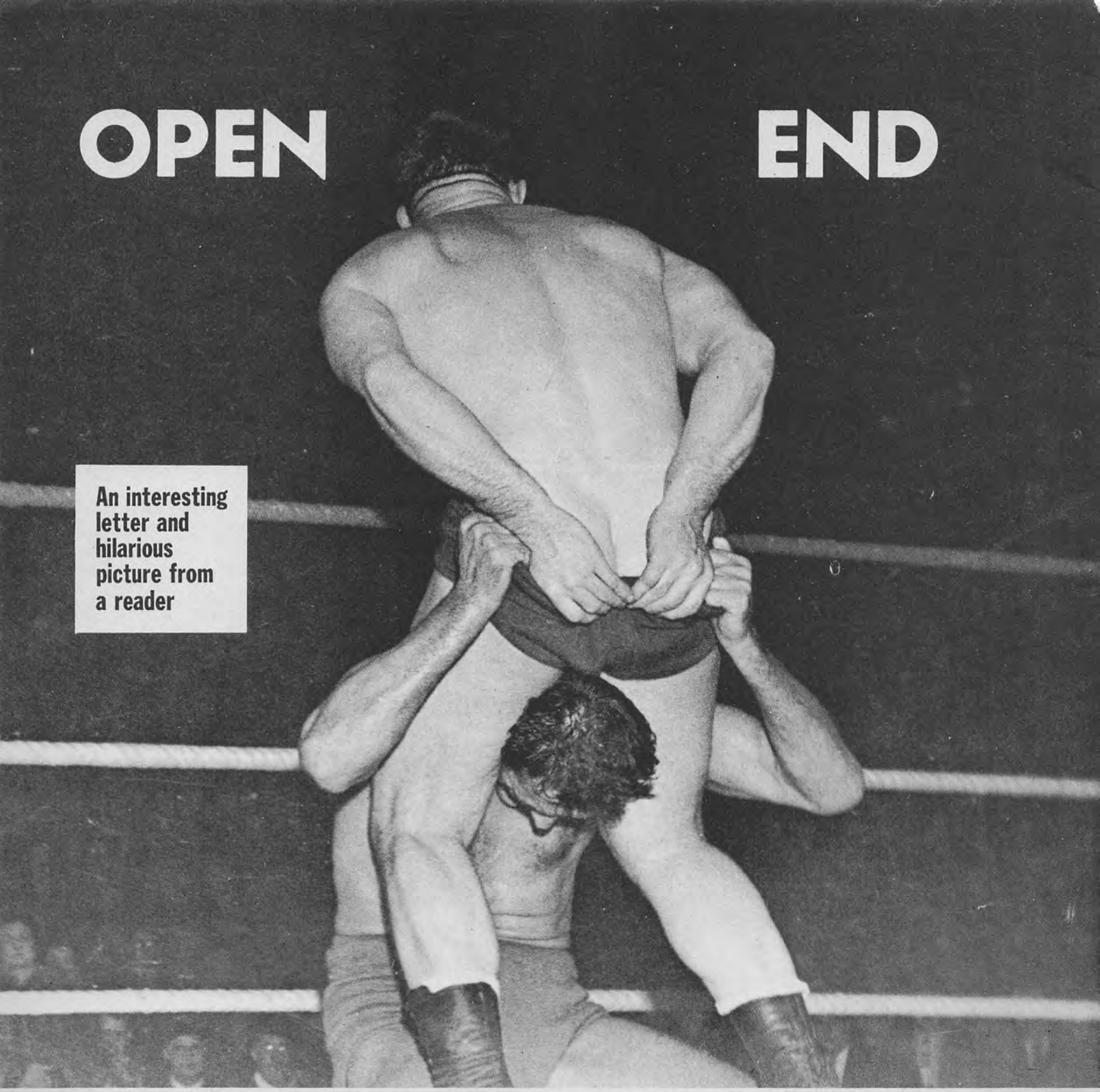

Tug-of-war: Killer Kowalski seems determined to yank Pat O'Connor's trunks off while Pat is just as determined to keep them on.

Dear Editor:

I was very much impressed by the picture of Killer Kowalski yanking Pat O'Connor's ear, which appeared in the Nov/63 issue of WRESTLING REVUE's sister magazine BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS. I happened to be at ringside the night that particular picture was taken, and I had my camera with me.

After your photographer, Tony Lanza, took his marvelous "Ear" shot, I captured one of my own. It may not be as exciting as Mr. Lanza's, but I am sure you will agree that it is far more humorous.

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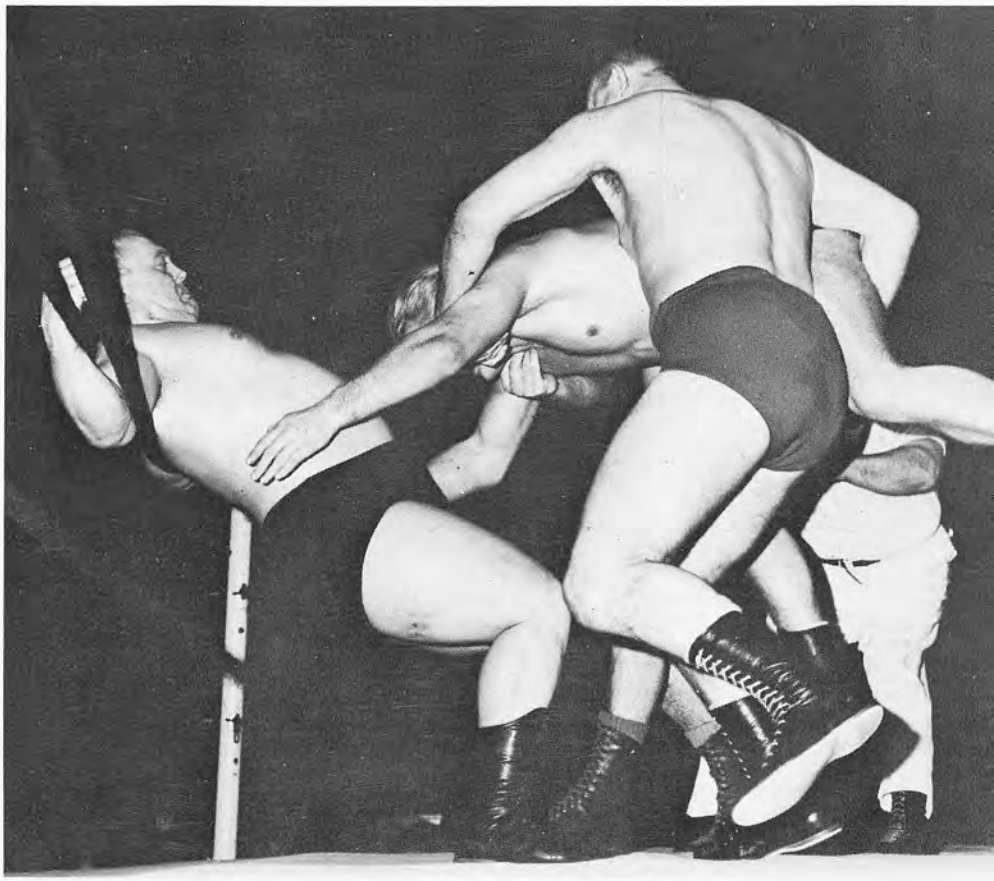
MALE

1—LOU THESZ
2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3—VERNE GAGNE
4—FRITZ VON ERICH
5—EDDIE GRAHAM
6—ED CARPENTIER
7—BEARCAT WRIGHT
8—GENE KINISKI
9—RAY STEVENS
10—WILBUR SNYDER



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FEMALE

1—JUNE BYERS
2—FABULOUS MOOLAH
3—PENNY BANNER
4—JUDY GRABLE
5—KAREN KELLOGG
6—VERNE BOTTOMS
7—ANNE CASEY
8—JESSICA ROGERS
9—FRAN GRAVETTE
10—VICKIE ADAMS

★

TAG TEAMS

★

1—PEPPER GOMEZ & JOSE LOTHARIO
2—ART & STAN NEILSON
3—THE KANGAROOS
4—THE VON BRAUNERS
5—THE MEDICS
6—THE SCUFFLIN' HILLBILLIES
7—SKULL MURPHY & BRUTE BERNARD
8—THE DALTONS
9—RIP HAWK & SWEDE HANSEN
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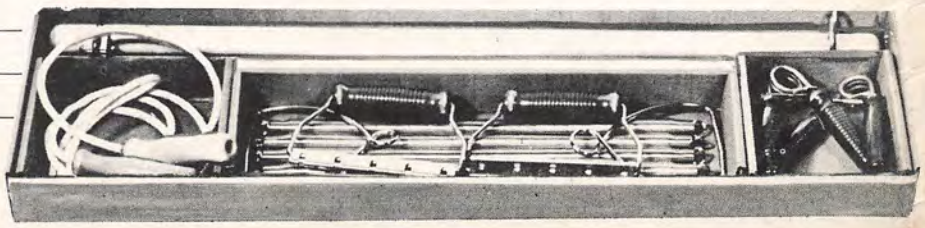
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